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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XIII SEPTEMBER 1942 No. 9

THE CLASH OF COLOURS

There is one Race the world over,
And that Race is named Man;
Nursed at the breast of the same Mother Earth,
The same sun and moon are our comrades.

SATYENDRANATH DATTA

The feeling of patriotism of Western humanity and of all Orientals who have been impressed by the Occidental civilization is undergoing a change. A new expression of love of country is bound to arise as geographical boundaries prove futile and a unifying force is wanted to help in the establishment and maintenance of peace. Citizens of the same locality are actuated by different forces in their dealings with each other and with "foreigners"; the British Communist is nearer in thought and in motive to his Russian comrade than to his countrymen in the House of Lords; Wall Street and Threadneedle Street belong to the same country; the Japanese Militarist belongs to the caste of Hitler and of Mussolini; and so on. The process of realignment has been going on for many years but its speed was accelerated by the war of 1914-1918 and has been further hastened by the present war, which in reality is a world-revolution—a huge civil war.

Those who hope to see the emergence of a unified world out of the conflict whose culmination is this war will have to work for it. A unified Europe, even a unified Occident, is easier to visualise as emerging under the stress of circumstances resulting from economic, social and ideologic causes. Apart from the problem of the Jews, who have been under persecution for centuries, there would be no problem which need concern the future peacemakers if only the West were to be saved, and if it stood alone. But if the whole of humanity is to be freed from the barbarities of bloody wars a more difficult problem will have to be faced and solved. Unless proper precautions are taken, the place of the

differing nationalities of today will be taken by differing continents.

The problem of the immediate future is that of the colour bar which is well called the sinister bar by Mr. Miller Watson whose article on the subject appears below. Mr. Watson is a Scotsman who lived for many years in Brazil, where he studied intimately the problems created by the colour bar. His article does not need supporting comments; no sane mind would question its sound reasoning; but human feelings, in an uncultured state, overrule thought and logic; and who can deny that the emotions of the "white race" are crude and uncultivated or that they make grievous mischief, arousing enmity and hatred of the coloured peoples? Germans have as their allies the Japanese; the United Nations have the Chinese as theirs; and yet there is in existence the folly of the colour bar. If men like Mr. Miller Watson would organise in their own countries campaigns to wipe out this criminal tendency they would be serving humanity and the cause of Peace.

THE SINISTER BAR

In ancient times a man's illegitimate descent was symbolised on his escutcheon by a device called the bar sinister. This sign proclaimed to the world the man's irregular birth and barred him from certain rights and privileges. In the modern world there is a much more truly sinister bar—the Colour Bar—which would deprive a man of rights and privileges for no other reason than that his skin is not of the colour assumed to denote superior birth. The ancient bar sinister had some excuse for its existence. It denoted a breach of accepted law and custom on the part of a person's progenitors and as such was in some respects a punishment for a crime committed by one's parents. But the sinister bar of colour has not even this justification, for it seeks to penalise a man for that which neither he nor his parents could alter—the amount of melanin in his skin. It condemns a man because he is black or brown or yellow—as if a white skin were necessary for a white soul or for a highly developed mentality!

It is difficult to discover just when the Colour Bar came into existence. It certainly did not exist in the Roman Empire or in Egypt and it is not strongly alive in Mediterranean countries even today. It seems that the self-styled Nordic races, the Germans, British, Americans, and to a lesser degree the Scandinavians, were the discoverers of this sinister weapon of oppression. Possibly the fact that the Mediterranean people were always within easy reach of races of another colour has prevented the growth of this evil theory, but one cannot help suspecting that with the northern imperial-

isms it grew in the ground prepared by imperial industry and commerce. The theory of an inferior people, with coloured skins, and an essentially lower standard of living, was very convenient to the seeker after cheap labour and an excuse for the easy way of government—the way of force.

At the present time many nations are fighting for what they hope will be a Brave New World. A world free and happy, loosed from the bonds of cruelty and oppression, is their hope. But is this Brave New World to be only for the white races? Is the sinister bar of colour still to deny happiness and liberty to the coloured races while the whites live in an Arcadia? No. For the white races will never achieve their aim until the colour bar is destroyed and all mankind can seek happiness and development on an equal footing. We have heard that Peace is Indivisible; that War is Indivisible; that many things are indivisible. It is time that we proclaimed that Man is Indivisible and that the Brave New World cannot have the sinister bar of colour to divide its escutcheon.

The position of the British people, today, is peculiar. The vast majority of the common people abominate oppression and cruelty and honestly think it is their duty to fight such evils. At the moment these evils are concretised in the national policies of Germany, Italy and Japan. Good, says the common man, let us fight and destroy these countries! But he forgets or he does not know that in South Africa a Negro must pay taxes but cannot vote; must pay to make pavements but dare not walk upon them; must work under conditions little different from those of slavery; and is constantly reminded in a thousand different ways that he is an inferior being—because his skin is dark in colour. The common people of Britain do not realise these things because they have not been sufficiently brought to their notice. A few, and they are no better than Nazis or Fascists, know of these things but think they must continue for the benefit of the white race—or better, of a small part of the white race, for it is only a small part of the white race which reaps the benefit of this cruel system. The ill-treatment of the Negroes and other races in Africa may have had its origin in greed. It now has its being in greed and fear. The whites of Africa fear the blacks. They fear the possibility of a black revival which would crush out the white "civilisation." There is now a vicious state in which injustice has so long persisted that even those who wish to see justice done can hardly see how to begin. For where cruelty and injustice exist there also exists fear, and where fear exists there is the logical sequence of suspicion, ill-will and hatred.

Not so long ago a lady of my acquaintance went to Africa. She was a nurse. A woman trained to kindly work. One who sought to help the weak and the poor. One

who should have been able to do good work in Africa. Now she is back in Britain again and what is her story? She could no longer stay in Africa. She hated the ways of the white people. She was disgusted at their treatment of the Negroes. But she was disgusted by the Negroes too. She found them brutal and dirty. She found they hated her as a white woman. She could not go alone amongst the Negroes—without hearing insults and being threatened with indignities. Of course she knows that brutality breeds brutality; that hate engenders hate; that contempt inspires revolt. She knows that, and in her heart she does not blame the Negroes but what a barrier of hate and shame and humiliation must be broken down even after the colour bar is removed! The evil of decades will take much destroying. Where is the Brave New World to be in Africa?

As I write, Sir Stafford Cripps is in India seeking agreement with the various parties and sections of the vast Indian community on the future status of the country. Here in Britain most people hope agreement will be reached. The common man has, for a long time, felt that Indians should govern themselves. He hopes that the road will be cleared for a future of co-operation. Perhaps the danger threatening India from the Further East has awakened this feeling in many who previously thought little of the matter. But whatever has brought this matter to the fore it is certain that now as never before do men in Britain see that the Indian problem must be solved.

I make no pretence at understanding the many factors in the present difficulties. Political difficulties and religious difficulties there may be and they may be the chief ones in seeking any solution to the Indian problem, but there is one question which I have asked myself several times of recent days. Would the Indian problem have been more easily solved if the colour bar had never existed? Yes, is the only answer I can find to that question. Whatever the differences between Britain and India I am sure the Indian people could forgive the British anything but the colour bar. The colour bar is so unjust, so cruel, so humiliating, so arrogant and debasing that it is hard to forgive or to forget those who impose it. I am convinced that all else could be settled more easily if the colour bar had never existed. If Britain desires the friendship and the co-operation of the Indian people in the future the colour bar must disappear now and for always.

There is that in the colour bar which appeals to all that is worst in mankind. It is a blind, crazy illusion in some, and a coldly calculated devilry in others, but always it rouses the worst in human nature. It often serves as a basis on which to build a hatred which might be lukewarm else. How often have I heard since Britain went to war with Japan expressions such

as " yellow devils " and " yellow bastards " ! This opportunity to condemn and to despise a man because of his colour is never lost to the evil mind in Nordic man. No expression of loathing or disgust for Nazi tormentors can equal the intense hatred and contempt exampled by the phrase " yellow devils. " The chance to express one's hatred by an expression of contempt for a man's colour is not lost by the white man, who belittles his own race by his insane prejudice. I do not know what horrors Japanese may have committed in China, or elsewhere, but one thing I do know. They have not committed these horrors because their skins are yellow. If yellow is the colour of barbarians why is Britain allied to the " yellow Chinese " ? To point out the illogicality of such racial prejudices becomes unnecessary.

Even the great democracy of the U. S. A. suffers from the curse of the colour bar. This sinister bar tries to separate the white American from his dark-skinned brother. Even the Federal law which recognises the equality of the Negro does not protect the latter from the lynching party and tendentious State laws. How can America fight for freedom and equality when American Negroes are denied the full rights of man ? How can the British Commonwealth of Nations fight for liberty when the African native, citizen of that so-called Commonwealth, is denied even the liberty to choose his own way of working ? How can India be a sister nation in the Commonwealth as long as the colour bar exists ? These dark blots on the page of human history exist and must be recognised before they are erased for ever. The Brave New World must be painted in browns and blacks and yellows as well as in white, and the white race must not dominate any more than need the background of a painting be white.

Brave New World ! We all hope for it. Many fight for it. But what will it be while the Sinister Bar exists ? Let us think of the world of tomorrow. Let us suppose that Nazi Germany is defeated, Fascist Italy destroyed and Imperial Japan completely routed. Let us imagine some kind of union in Europe. Perhaps Poland and its neighbours to the south may unite or federate. The Balkans may find new peace and unity. The great union of peoples of the U. S. S. R. has played its part in liberating Europe and may play a great part in the peace to come. Other unions may come about, Scandinavia may seek strength in federation. France may combine with its neighbours and Britain may do likewise. The U. S. A., forgetting isolation, may try to do its part in regeneration. There might even be a greater union, a Federated Europe. All these things are possible and it seems that the Brave New World may be at hand.

But in Africa there is a deep low murmur. Ethiopia has been freed. It may maintain its independence. The people of Libya are not likely to

wish the return of their Italian conquerors. And they are not likely to wish domination by any white race. They have suffered enough already. The various French colonies have provided soldiers for the present struggle. Will they return to the old state when this war is over? Will they accept the dominion of the white man for ever? In Morocco the prestige of the white man is low. The Moors have fought in Spain under the Christian gentleman Franco against other white Christians. They are not likely to bow the head to white men much longer. In South Africa the Negro labours in the mines for a pittance. He sleeps in a concrete barracks on a cold cement bed. He walks in the gutters of the city streets, for the pavement is denied him. His family life is broken and his tribal existence shattered. He has no political rights and no position in society. Will he be content in the Brave New World? Will the American Negro who now fights for his fatherland be content with lynching parties in place of justice? Will the Japanese, thrust back into his islands as a "yellow bastard," be content to live in peace for ever? Will India play its part in the Brave New World while white men cannot see white souls through coloured skins? Will there be peace in the Brave New World?

Oppression breeds revolt. Hatred breeds hatred. Brutality is echoed in brutality. Fear is the outcome of all these and from fear comes suspicion, ill-will and anger. Will the humiliated coloured peoples of the world suffer injustice for ever? The answer is plain to all.

There can be no New World while the sinister bar divides mankind. Until the colour bar is gone there is no hope for peace and good-will. War will come again even if the white peoples have settled all their differences. Mankind and good-will are indivisible if peace is to prevail.

On the shining shield of Man regenerate there must be no sinister bar to divide the fair escutcheon. The Colour Bar must go.

MILLER WATSON

"The complacent white man who declares that he fights for democracy and limits his democracy to those with a white skin will scarcely be jerked into a consciousness of sin except by a violent reminder of the logical consequences of his folly. Just as he has learnt that his unsinkable battleships could be sunk by Japanese airplanes, that his impregnable sea base could be captured by Japanese soldiers, so he is now learning that he needs as allies Chinese patriots whom he was accustomed to regard as disaffected coolies. Soon he may be induced to imagine a future in Asia in which he will play, if he is lucky and well-behaved, the modest part of a friend, allowed to share on terms of courtesy in the task of building up a future for Asia in which Asiatics must of necessity be the principal builders and the principal beneficiaries."

The New Statesman and Nation, May 30, 1942

DOSTOEVSKY AND THE PROBLEM OF EVIL

[Over fifty years ago Madame H. P. Blavatsky wrote that what the European world needed was a dozen writers such as Dostoevsky, " not authors writing for wealth or fame, but fearless apostles of the living Word of Truth, moral healers of the pustulous sores of our century." And she added: "To write novels with a moral sense in them deep enough to stir Society, requires a great literary talent and a *born* theosophist as was Dostoevsky."

We publish here the second of two articles by **Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar,** on the great novelist's struggles with the problem of evil, which will form one chapter in his forthcoming book on Dostoevsky.—Ed.]

II.— "OUT OF THE DARK—NEW LIGHT "

We have seen how, if man refuses to think and to feel and is content simply to live, revelling every minute of his life in sensuality, he can but live and die like Fyodor Pavlovitch. It is certainly a way of living, although its unmitigated and unfeeling beastliness may make most of us recoil from such a kind of life sooner or later. If, on the other hand, one exercises one's reason, looks about oneself and wishes to understand the universe around one, one soon gets lost in the dialectic of a Stavrogin or of an Ivan. The latter confesses that ours is not a three-dimensional world and hence he, with his simple Euclidean mind, cannot understand it; and yet, his self-consciousness insists on attempting the impossible. The intellectuals realize deep down in their hearts that the Invisible will not yield its secrets to a mere dialectic; and being severe intellectuals, they cannot accept their defeat either. The bitter struggle goes on till the intellectual's desire to live is nibbled away altogether and he sees no useful purpose in continuing to live.

Is there, then, no other way of life? Must we ever choose between utter sensuality and the intellectual's despairing dialectics? There is, of course, the third way that leads man to the shrine of fulfilment. The sensitiveness of an Ivan Karamazov, the indignation he experiences even when he merely reads accounts of cruelty, the exhausting colloquies he holds with that "other" in his room, these in no way lower him in our eyes; on the contrary! But Faith must endure even in spite of the general prevalence of Pain and of Evil. To be utterly insensitive to man's finer and nobler instincts only in order to be able to live somehow as long as possible is to be less of an authentic man and to be more of a mere animal. Even when one has to suffer or to demean oneself or to degrade oneself, one

must at least know what one is doing; Sonia and Dmitri know that they have gone astray, for some reason or other, and grieve for it, though their Faith gives them the strength to endure the present and to hope that "in the end" things will somehow right themselves. Without their faith, they cannot have the strength to live; without their sensibility to wrong and misery and evil, they cannot continue to be human beings. Being human, we are required to think and to feel; and being human, with the desire to live, we pluck from Faith the strength necessary to enable us to live.

Prince Myshkin, with his clairvoyance, can look into other people's hearts and heads, and see what is going on there. He can undergo indescribable anguish when he sees others suffer. He tells Ippolit that he has always been a materialist, desiring to live in the world rather than to escape from it. There are times when his Faith is put to a severe test; but he never quite falters. And yet beyond his Faith, what does he really *know* about the real nature of the Infinite? Dostoevsky suggests that Myshkin *sees* Reality in its ineffable Harmony during the few moments immediately preceding his epileptic attacks. During these unearthly moments, Myshkin experiences an extraordinary quickening of his sense of personality, he sees life in its highest synthesis, and he apprehends the meaning of the amazing words in the Scripture: "There shall be no more time." He has passed out of the Euclidean world, and the microcosm has blended in the macrocosm in an ecstasy of union. Then comes the fearful epileptic scream, and the stupefaction of his senses.

It may be said that Myshkin's experiences are no more than a constituent of his epilepsy. But Myshkin himself never for one second doubts their validity or their importance. There is, again, Kirillov; if Myshkin is an "idiot," Kirillov is quite genuinely "mad." But he too has his "moments" when he sees Reality at the closest quarters, when, in fact, he loses himself in it. Kirillov's candidness and simplicity have received the seed inadvertently dropped by Stavrogin and nurtured it into a flaming tree of faith. Kirillov loves children because they are children; he loves a mere leaf because it is a leaf; children are good, the leaf is good, everything is good; and man *is* happy although he doesn't know he is. Subsequently, he describes his "moments" to Pyotr Verhovensky:—

"There are seconds—they come five or six at a time—when you suddenly feel the presence of the eternal harmony perfectly attained. It's something not earthly....This feeling is clear and unmistakable; it's as though you apprehend all nature and suddenly say, 'Yes, that's right.'...You don't forgive anything because there's no more need of forgiveness. It's not that you love—oh, there's something in it higher than love—what's most awful is that it's

terribly clear and such joy."[1]

No doubt, all this is lunacy to Pyotr, who asks Kirillov to beware of epileptic attacks. However, it is real enough to Kirillov, and, although he is mad, he is mad in the right sort of way—at any rate, that is what Dostoevsky seems to think.

Faith can thus be reinforced in us only by means of a "miracle"—an unusual happening like a mystical experience. We may dismiss both Myshkin's and Kirillov's experiences, if we will, as the constituents of disease or of madness. But Dostoevsky whispers to us that, if we have eyes to see, the miracle is here with us all the time. To Kirillov, even a yellow leaf fluttering in the wind and decayed at the edges is sufficient proof that everything is good. To Shatov, likewise, the birth of a child is of tremendous significance. His wife has returned to him, and she gives birth to a child that is not his: Shatov, simple soul that he is, is transfigured by his happiness. He can hardly find adequate words to give expression to his great joy: "The mysterious coming of a new creature, a great and inexplicable mystery....There were two and now there's a third human being, a new spirit, finished and complete, unlike the handiwork of man; a new thought and a new love...it's positively frightening....And there's nothing grander in the world." Arina Prohorovna, of course, merely ridicules Shatov just as Pyotr ridicules Kirillov. The birth of a child is no more than the development of an organism, hardly different from the birth of a fly! Yes, that too is a way of looking at things. Dostoevsky seems to insinuate into our hearts that Felicity can be found here—now—if only we care to look for it intently. It is there all the time. You can take it or leave it.

And so Dostoevsky, hungering for Faith, desperately in need of a foothold while facing the battle of life, finds no way out of his dilemma except to believe in a "miracle" that will give him back his Faith and lead him to felicity. Myshkin, Kirillov and Shatov are attempts at portraying men who, through "miracles" of one sort or another, infer Harmony here and now. But they all come to a grievous end: Myshkin loses his sanity, Kirillov commits suicide and Shatov is brutally done to death. Perhaps, even when describing people who believe in "miracles" and experience Harmony, Dostoevsky rebels against this Harmony and almost returns his "entrance ticket." In his last novel, however, Dostoevsky definitely and finally seems to recover his faith. He gathers into the ample canvas of *The Brothers Karamazov* the multi-coloured luxuriance of its predecessors, and they coalesce in it into a white radiance, dazzling and life-giving like the sun. It is Dostoevsky's final testament to the world.

Alyosha Karamazov, Dostoevsky's

[1] The quotations are from Mrs. Constance Garnett's English translations of Dostoevsky's novels.

"new man," is neither sickly nor demented; he is not a fanatic, "not even a mystic." He accepts everything "without the least condemnation." He can suffer for others, but he cannot condemn them; he has affection even for his father, even for Lise Hohlakov, the "little demon" luxuriating in visions of sadistic cruelty. Like Prince Myshkin, Alyosha too is a materialist, and he therefore does not shut his eyes to the world. When Dmitri says, "All we Karamazovs are such insects, and, angel as you are, that insect lives in you, too, and will stir up a tempest in your blood," Alyosha blushes, signifying, "I am the same as you are....The ladder's the same. I'm at the bottom step, and you're above." Even before Father Zossima gives actual utterance to it, Alyosha has realized in himself the full significance of this very Christian precept: "Remember particularly that you cannot be a judge of anyone. For no one can judge a criminal, unless he recognises that he is just such a criminal as the man standing before him, and that he perhaps is more than all men to blame for that crime."

Other characters, a Myshkin, a Sonia, also invariably refuse to think badly of others. Men like Shatov and Kirillov are truly sincere and lovable souls. But somehow Dostoevsky does not present them as "normal" people. Even Father Zossima confesses on his death-bed that when, for the first time in his life, he had "acted sincerely and well," people had looked upon him as a madman. But Alyosha, although he is wholly unsullied and is a regular "angel" in fact, seems nevertheless to be "normal." His humility, his self-knowledge, his unaffected simplicity and candour, his unerring capacity to divine other people's thoughts and feelings, this unusual combination of traits constitutes a "miracle," a stranger element in the Karamazov "mire," but in no way does it detract from his essential humanity.

Alyosha is not a recluse; his own Elder, Father Zossima, sends this novice into the world. His father and his brothers, Grushenka and Katerina, Lise and Ilusha, all react to him favourably and trust him implicitly. Even that precocious imp, Kolya Krassotkin, acknowledges Alyosha's superiority. Ivan himself admits that he wants to be "healed" by Alyosha, and the very thought makes the uncompromising sceptic smile suddenly "quite like a little gentle child." Alyosha divines what exactly is the tormented unrest that drives Katerina Ivanovna to "persecute" Ivan, and he tells her the truth to her face; similarly, he tells Ivan pointedly that he, Ivan, is most certainly *not* the murderer of their father, and, perhaps, Dostoevsky wants us to take it as the final answer to Ivan's unendurable doubts. These storm-tossed and agonized spirits seek Alyosha out, for, to quote Mr. Middleton Murry, "their hopes are

set in him. He is an answer to their doubts such as no monastery nor elder, nor even their own seeking could give."

Alyosha, too, experiences several shocks in the course of his life, but he comes out unscathed from them all. The greatest of these shocks is the "breath of corruption" proceeding from the dead body of Father Zossima. Alyosha is not, of course, a man of "little faith"; his belief in the purity, the integrity and the nobility of his late Elder is steadfast enough. Why, then, does he turn away from the monastery, turn away from Father Paissy? Dostoevsky explains Alyosha's state of mind in these words: "He could not endure without mortification, without resentment even, that the holiest of holy men should have been exposed to the jeering and spiteful mockery of the frivolous crowd so inferior to him....Why did Providence hide its face 'at the most critical moment,' as though voluntarily submitting to the blind, dumb, pitiless laws of nature?" To such a question, as to the questions of Ivan, there can be no rational or logical answer. The shock can only be erased from Alyosha's memory by another experience that restores his faith in the ways of Providence.

And so Alyosha visits Grushenka, intending—to seek the companionship of a kindred "wicked soul"? —he does not quite know. On the contrary, he finds in Grushenka—as he, being Alyosha, cannot help finding—a "true sister," "a treasure —a loving heart." He returns to the monastery rather late, and already the little wound that his faith has sustained has been all but healed. He kneels before the dead body of Father Zossima, and dreams of

> ...the unexpressive nuptial song,
> In the best kingdoms meek of joy and love.

He now goes out of the cell, late though it is; his body and soul tingle with a new rapture, an inexpressible felicity. The dichotomies that had smitten him with sorrow in the past, the shocks that had hurt him deep, these fade away in an instant and he becomes "a living soul." He throws himself on the earth, and kisses it fervently with tears of joy and gratitude in his young, bright eyes. He is in the blessed mood when he could declare, with Goethe, in the fulness of his mystic vision :—

> One impulse throughout the infinite
> Ceaselessly ebbs and flows,
> The myriad lines of the mighty heavens
> One another enclose.
>
> From all things, giant star and star dust,
> Streams out the joy of life,
> And the peace of God the Lord is lying
> At the heart of all strife.

He rises from the earth at last, not a weak boy any more (but he has never been *weak* really), but "a resolute champion." He has had a glimpse of Eternity—he has grasped the meaning of the phrase, "There shall be no more time"—and now he can exert his "healing" influence on all, ever in the world and never of it. Alyosha is Dostoev-

sky's vision of the " new man " ; and the mere creation of this character shows that the self-divided and anguished Dostoevsky himself recovered his faith at last.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

INDIAN THINKERS ON ÆSTHETICS

Discussion of æsthetic theory is so often confined to the ancient Greek concepts and their modern Western outgrowths that it is refreshing to find credit given to Indian thinkers on æsthetic appreciation, or, as Professor M. Hiriyanna termed it in his illuminating article in our January 1941 issue, " Art Experience. " Shri N. S. N. Sastry of the University of Mysore contributes to the current *Half-Yearly Journal* of that institution an able survey of the development of æsthetics in India and in the West, the lines sometimes paralleling each other curiously. Take the idea of " psychic distance " as a factor in art appreciation, one of the latest Western formulations of the recognition that without detachment or disinterestedness there can be no genuine æsthetic emotion.

The idea of "psychic detachment," Shri Sastry suggests, may have been anticipated in India by Bhattanayaka and Abhinavagupta in the tenth and eleventh centuries, who insisted that what art depicts is universalized emotion, not that of any particular persons, and that any emotion, so universalized, can give the percipient joy.

The first developed theory of æsthetics in India was that of Bharata who is tentatively assigned to the second century B. C. He found in the interplay and the blend of emotions the excitant of æsthetic joy or *rasa* and most of the later Indian writers on æsthetics have followed his lead.

The majority of Indian thinkers on the subject, however, have not stressed the emotional aspect of art appreciation to the exclusion of the intellectual. The poets especially, Kalidasa, Bhavabhooti, Harsha and Magha, have emphasised " the proper and beautiful form into which the emotional meaning of the experience must be poured. " Pattern, a certain conventionality, such as metre in poetry, helps to universalize the emotion and to produce detachment. Shri Sastry is sceptical of the psycho-analysts' dictum that æsthetic joy springs from the gratification of repressed desires, but he looks to the infant experimental psychology for significant advances in æsthetic theory. We are less sanguine. To approach the problem from the side of sense and emotion alone is to enter a *cul-de-sac.*

Shri Sastry's treatment is interesting, but Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy, whose illuminating address on the æsthetic theory of the ancients we considered in these columns in February 1942 would certainly take issue with his wish for " freedom from metaphysical and philosophical bias in discussing the problem of art appreciation. "

PH. D.

REINCARNATION IN JEWISH THOUGHT

[Derived directly from the primeval Secret Doctrine of the East, through the *Vedas*, the *Upanishads*, Orpheus and Thales, Pythagoras and the Egyptians, the Jewish *Cabala* naturally includes the teaching of reincarnation, of which **Dr. Margaret Smith** writes here. The doctrine of *Gilgoolem* or "Revolution of Souls," in which so many learned Jews have believed, meant originally nothing else than the proceeding of souls upon the cyclic path of rebirths.—ED.]

The doctrine of Reincarnation, though it finds no place in orthodox Judaism, is an essential part of the esoteric mysticism which appeared in Jewish thought at an early period and reached its fullest development from the fourteenth century onwards. This mystical doctrine came through many channels, Zoroastrian, Hellenistic, Gnostic, and Manichæan, and may have gone back ultimately to Egyptian or Indian thought. In Alexandria there was a large Jewish community which, in the early centuries of the Christian era, was in contact with all these schools of thought. But, just as Ṣūfism, the mystical teaching found within Islam, claims to be based on the *Qur'ān*, so Jewish mysticism, including the doctrine of reincarnation, seeks to base itself upon an esoteric interpretation of the Old Testament. This mystical teaching is found in a systematic form in the *Cabala*, which was brought from Babylonia to Italy in the ninth century by Aaron ben Samuel, who taught and wrote on the subject, and from Italy the doctrine spread throughout Europe, finding acceptance especially in Germany at the theological school founded by Judah ben Samuel at Regensburg. Judah Ha Levi ben Samuel was born at Toledo in 1085, a poet and philosopher who travelled to Egypt and Palestine and was a true lover of God. His philosophy was influenced by the Muslim mystic al-Ghazālī. In Europe the doctrine assimilated elements derived from the sources mentioned above.

Among those who had some influence upon the development of Cabalistic doctrine was Solomon Ibn Gabirol (Avecbron—1021-1058)—known as the "Jewish Plato," one of the first teachers of Neo-Platonism in Europe, who had been influenced by the Epistles of the *Ikhwān al-Ṣafā*.[1] He taught a mystic pantheism according to which God was the Essence as well as the Creator of the universe, the All-in-all. He taught, too, the need of Gnosis, the mystic knowledge to which none could attain except through meditation and burning love.

A systematic exposition of the Cabalistic theosophy is found in the *Zohar*, the chief text-book of Jewish

[1] *Cf.* THE ARYAN PATH, May 1940, p. 241.

mysticism, which first appeared in Spain in the thirteenth century and became the Bible of the Jewish mystics, just as the *Mathnawī* of the mystic poet Jalāl al-Dīn Rūmī has been called the "Qur'ān in the Persian Language" for Muslim mystics. As the *Upánishads* take the form of a mystic commentary on the *Vedas*, so the *Zohar* takes the form of a mystic commentary on the Pentateuch. It is in the *Zohar* that the doctrine of reincarnation is most clearly set forth, in a section devoted to the subject. The *Zohar* purports to be the teaching of the Master, Simeon ben Jochai, who appears to have lived in the second century A. D. He suffered persecution, but spent his life preaching the message of love, seeking to lead men back to God, teaching them how to overcome the forces of evil by attaining to the mystic knowledge which would enable them to be reunited with their Divine Source. Many legends are told of both the Master and his disciples and the *Zohar* contains two sections, "The Revelations Made to the Great Holy Assembly," which are the discourses of Rabbi Simeon to the main group of his disciples, and "The Revelations made to the Small Holy Assembly," containing the discourses of Rabbi Simeon to six disciples, when his own end was approaching. The *Zohar*, however, is not the work of any one teacher, nor do its contents belong to one period only. It was made known in Spain by Moses de Leon of Granada (*c.* 1250-1305) a writer on mysticism who regards the soul as a likeness of the Divine and upholds the doctrine of transmigration.

The doctrine of God contained in the *Zohar* teaches that He is Infinite, the *En-Sof*, the Ancient of Ancients, the Mystery of all Mysteries, above all being yet containing all things, immanent in all things and therefore to be described only by negative attributes,[1] unknowable, immutable, the Holy One, Primal Light, Supreme Beauty, for beauty is the highest expression of life and of moral perfection and Beauty finds its most exalted expression in the King Supreme.

But Beauty, the *Zohar* tells us, is like the sun, casting its light and warmth over all things without exception or distinction and, as Light and Beauty, by their very nature, must manifest themselves, so God also, in order to manifest Himself in the universe, became creative, the Limitless accepting limitation; the Infinite Totality became manifold. Yet the "creation" of the universe could not change the Changeless; it was but the transition from potentiality to reality; the sum of finite things was still the Infinite. By emanation from the Light of lights ten *sefîroth* or spheres were produced, the first nine being three groups of three corresponding to the three spheres, the intellectual, the moral

[1] *Cf.* Plotinus, "The One transcends Being, Intellect, Knowledge and is in truth beyond all statements." (*Enn.* V, 3; 12, 13.) and the Brahman of the *Upanishads*, indefinable except by negations, "not that, not that."

and the material,[1] the tenth being the "Kingdom," the sum of the permanent and immanent activity of the other nine, but all really representing a unity, the different aspects of the One, for the creation is but the visible manifestation of the Invisible Absolute.

The soul of man existed before it entered a body and is an emanation of the Divine: "The Spirit of man is the lamp of the Lord." (*Proverbs* XX. 27) It was regarded as threefold in its nature, consisting of the animal principle, the moral nature and pure spirit, derived from the Divine Light, and that light never ceases to burn. Because the spirit of man is in reality one with the Spirit of God, he can know and comprehend the mysteries of wisdom and can apprehend the glory of the Lord. Man is therefore made in the image of God, after the pattern of the supernal glory, and it is for the purpose of bringing to perfection the potentiality implanted within it, that the soul is sent to earth and, when purified, ascends thence once more to its source.

Man has free-will and it depends therefore upon his own actions whether his soul becomes polluted by sin as the result of taking up its abode in a material body, or whether he uses his opportunities to do good and to preserve its pristine purity. If, after it has dwelt upon earth in a body, it has not used its experience to accomplish the purpose for which it descended, it is subject to transmigration. At the end of his life the Master Simeon ben Jochai said to his disciples :—

If the soul which is placed here below fails to take root, it is withdrawn again and again and transplanted until it has taken root. For the soul which has not achieved its task on earth is withdrawn and transplanted again on earth. Unhappy is the soul that is obliged to return to earth to repair the mistakes made by the man whose body it animated! For transmigration is inflicted as a punishment on the soul—a punishment that varies according to the nature of the sins the soul has committed.[2]

Every soul that has sinned must return to earth until it has reached the degree of perfection that will enable it to ascend, freed from the cycle of rebirth. Transmigration is therefore a means to salvation, for it provides the opportunity for reparation and for making good. While the whole life of man is predetermined and the soul must enter a human body when and as decreed, yet the soul has within it a knowledge, derived from its pre-existent state, of what is right and wrong, and the soul can obtain victory over the body and its baser passions. Evil is only an appearance and finite. Man is affected by it in taking the appearance for the reality and becoming alienated from his Divine Source instead of striving to

[1] *Cf.* the teaching of Plotinus on Universal Mind, the first emanation from the One, and Universal Soul, which in its turn produces human souls.

[2] *Zohar*, "Small and Holy Assembly."

attain to reunion with it.

But by penitence and asceticism and with the help of the Divine Law, the spirit of man *can* so strive against the flesh and, purified in successive reincarnations, can be redeemed from the bondage of the wheel of impurity.

For the soul, indeed, originated in fire....So, in order to be purged of its impurities, it has to pass through fire...which alone has the virtue of consuming every pollution in the soul and making it emerge pure and white.[1]

Then it is free, illumined and pure, so that the All-Holy may rejoice in it.

A man's good deeds done in this world draw from the celestial resplendency of light a garment with which he may be invested when in the next world he comes to appear before the Holy One.[2]

But to good deeds must be added knowledge. The soul, as it ascends, acquires knowledge of four kinds, of exterior things, of the essence of things, knowledge gained through intuition and finally knowledge gained through love, which will lead to vision. It is therefore through love that the soul finally ascends to its home, and

if a man loves God, then God stretches out His right hand to receive and welcome him with love.[3]

In that mutual love is found the secret of Divine unity :—

It is love that unites the higher and lower stages and that lifts everything to that stage where all must be one.[4]

So the human spirit becomes one with the Supreme Spirit, reunited for ever with the Primordial Cause.

This Jewish doctrine of reincarnation includes the belief that souls are limited in number and that no new souls come into being for the children born into the world. It teaches also that the saints who have reached the perfection of purification can, and must, help the weaker brethren in their struggle for freedom. Such elect souls must

pursue and run after the sinner in order that the filth of sin may be purged away from him and the spirit of impurity subdued and he who succeeds in redeeming such a sinner can justly consider himself "creator" of the renewed and quickened soul...he has remade souls in the earthly sphere... souls even of sinners captured by evil.[5]

This can be done by the saints because they are the dwelling-place of the Shekinah, which is the Glory of God, manifested forth within them. Says Rabbi Eleazor in the *Zohar* :—

To see the righteous and saintly of one's generation is to see the very face of the Shekinah...in them is the Shekinah hidden and they reveal Her.... And ye, supernal saints, the Shekinah

[1] *Zohar*, II, 211 b.
[2] *Ibid.*, II, 229 b.
[3] *Ibid.*, II, 162 a.
[4] *Ibid.*, II, 216 a.
[5] *Ibid.*, II, 128 b, 129 b.

is in you and your faces reflect the beauty of Her face...Blessed are ye.[1]

The doctrine accounted for the problem of suffering and the inequalities of life and satisfied the Jewish need to vindicate both the justice and the mercy of God. Suffering and happiness were not necessarily the result of sins or good deeds committed in the present life, but of the actions done during previous incarnations. Reincarnation also represented the mercy of God towards the sinner, who was given a fresh opportunity for atonement and purification and for reaching the degree of moral perfection which would enable the soul to return undefiled to its Source.

The doctrine of reincarnation was taught and developed by Isaac Luria, who was born at Jerusalem in 1534 and, after a life of solitude and asceticism in Egypt, migrated to Safed in Palestine. There he formed a circle of cabalists, novices and initiates, the latter being the recipients of his esoteric teaching. Man's soul, he taught, was the connecting link between the infinite and the finite. The human soul, because of its deficiencies, due to the admixture of evil with good, cannot return to its source (until the coming of the Messiah) and has to wander not only through the bodies of men and animals but also through inanimate things such as wood, rivers and stones. He added to the doctrine of reincarnation the doctrine that a weak soul unable to accomplish its own purification might be helped by a stronger soul and the two united in one body:—

> If a purified soul has neglected religious duties on earth, it must return to the earthly life and, attaching itself to the soul of a living man, unite with it in order to make good its neglect.

Further, the departed soul of a man freed from sin appears again on earth to support a weak soul unequal to its task. Resulting perhaps from this belief was the emphasis he laid upon charity and friendship towards all others, upon philanthropy and a pure life.

This teaching was continued by the Ḥaṣidim, the exponents of a religious movement which arose among Polish Jews in the eighteenth century and had a great influence. Their teaching was based on a belief in pantheism, the omnipresence of God and the idea of communion between God and man. This, they held, was accomplished by means of the concentration of all thought on God, especially in Prayer, when the soul should detach itself from the body. By this communion man can secure a clear mental vision and attain to the power of prophecy and the gift of miracles. The righteous man (*ẓaddik*) is the elect of God and the mediator who can help the souls of others towards salvation. This movement spread into the Ukraine, Galicia and Lithuania.

MARGARET SMITH

[1] *Zohar*, II, 163 b.

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FOLK-SONGS, LEGENDS AND MYSTICISM

[**Shri Devendra Satyarthi's** sympathy with our Indian villagers is spontaneous and deep; he has devoted years to the collection of their songs and stories from many parts of India. In this series of articles, the first of which we publish here, he has brought together some of his choicest gleanings. They should convince the most sceptical that in popular folklore and tradition, myths and legends, many an intimation of Nature's secrets is enshrined and also that in the heart even of the humblest, the Eternal Poet dwells.—ED.]

I.—MAN, THE TREE AND THE SPINNING-WHEEL

O dry *pipal* leaf, why are you ruffling?
Fall now, old leaf.
Lo, the season of new leaves has come!

sings Noora, the shepherd, my old playmate. Here is the heart of a broad, open, windswept Panjab countryside. Here is Bhadour, my village birthplace. The reflections of the twentieth century, the eddies of agitated modern life, try to capture the mind of the peasant, but he will not discard his old ways of life so easily. Obviously he knows that the money-lender, who hoards wealth and has pride of superiority over him, has much changed, as have the landlords and the richer classes; but his own manners are still more or less old and simple like the good earth he cultivates.

Like Homer, Noora, as he takes to his age-old song, seems to believe that the race of mankind is like the leaves of a *pipal*. One day he too will have to leave his tree like a dry leaf. He feels young and his love for spring-songs is great.

"A parrot let me be. And let me be on the wing.
And let me come back seeing the whole forest.
Lo! the spring has come.
Ah me, my sweetheart has not come!"

This countryside was all a jungle in the olden days. Even now it is called in the neighbourhood, *"Jangal."* There is no forest now, yet Noora is a *Jangali* or jungle-dweller; and like his great-grandfather, whose songs and legends have come to him across the generations, he is more or less a pantheist in his thoughts. The old spirit of the jungle stirs in the songs and the legends of the sons of the soil; they have always sung of the spring with a mystic ecstasy. Trees, too, sing, Noora would tell you. His songs illustrate his view.

Birchhan de geet sunke,
Mere dil vich chanan hoiya!
Listening to the songs of the trees,
My heart is illumined.

Pippal gave, bohar gave,
Gave hariala toot!
Khar ke sun, rahia,
Teri rooh hojoogi soot!
The *pipal* sings, the banyan sings;
And the green mulberry, too:
Stop, traveller, and listen,
Your soul will be set right.

Every tree is a son of the earth. Every tree has a spirit. A patient listener, every tree knows the secrets of man. Says the French proverb:

"The forest, that ever listens, has the secret of all mystery." Beware, for the soul of some dead person may be living in an old *pipal* or banyan tree ; I have heard old people saying, though I have not seen it myself, that the soul of a dead person living in a tree can, at times, turn into a fairy and on a moonlit night enchant some passer-by. And the tree where a soul lives delights in its magic dance. Inspired by the flying-carpet of legends, as Noora went on speaking, I at once remembered having read somewhere of a Swedish ballad that told of a nymph's play ; as she played the leaves of the trees danced in harmony with her steps.

Noora remembers the legend of a maiden, whom her brothers' wives murdered in cold blood ; she was transformed into a tree and told her sad tale thus to the passers-by. Life continues, somehow, even after death, so Noora has found in his legends. Yes, life knows no death. Life persists. The tree that sprang from the blood of the maiden mystically symbolizes this.

Sikandar, as Alexander the Great is called in India, has touched the fringe of the legends. On the bank of the Beas there was a *pipal* tree two hundred years old. Under the influence of the full moon, it was able to predict, speaking in a human voice. This tree knew Sanskrit as well as a Pandit. Sikandar came to it and said : "Tell me, O *Pipal*, my destiny." "Never again will you see your dearest home," spoke the tree. Sikandar felt nervous. "Let's be back, my soldiers. The voice of the *pipal* can't be true. We must reach home. No more world conquest !" But Sikandar died on the way. The *pipal* had told the truth.

The village poet would imagine Sikandar's mother lamenting over her son's death. The grave says, "Which Sikandar do you mean, woman ? I have known many Sikandars." Sikandar's death symbolizes to the people that pride has a fall. And Sikandar is born again and again. Man must succeed one day in soul-conquest rather than in "world-conquest" that is comparatively so insignificant.

The sky was not so far away in bygone days when the world was young. My mother introduced me to this legend with striking gestures expressing love for nature, so close to which the village people live. The sky was once upon a time so near that, standing on the roof, one could touch the stars. One day a woman wanted to snatch away a star to use as a cloth to dry her child. And the sky, unwilling to yield its star, its own son, rose instantly beyond the earth.[1] Like the voice of a fortune-teller, the mystic legend sounds a

[1] Arthur A. Perera in his *Sinhalese Folk-Lore Notes*, p. 3, gives an almost similar legend from Ceylon : "The sky in the olden times was very close to the earth, and the stars served as lamps to the people ; a woman who was sweeping her compound was so much troubled by the clouds touching her back when she stooped to sweep that she gave the sky a blow with her broom, saying, 'Get away' (*pala*). The sky in shame immediately flew out of the reach of man."

note of hope that once again the sky will come down near the earth. It will give its star to the woman, for by that time she must have learnt to forgo physical force in favour of the more vital force of love. And she will not need the star as a towel; she will receive it as a "thing of beauty," a symbol of illumination, for her child.

In another legend, the sun and the moon are twin-brothers. "Bring home some sweets, some *laddus* and *jalebis*, for me as well, my sons," said their mother, as they proceeded to the marriage of the sky.

When the marriage was over and the swift bride, the lightning, lived happily with her bridegroom the sky, the Moon said, "Brother Sun, let's go home, and let's not forget to take sweets for our mother; make haste, for mother must be anxious about us."

"You can go, I'll stay here," replied the Sun.

"Absurd! You won't come with me? Mind you, brother, mother will be angry at your obstinacy," warned the Moon.

"No, brother Moon, you go if you wish. I'll live here for ever," said the Sun.

And when the Moon, with a basket of *laddus* and *jalebis*, returned alone, the mother felt sad. "I do not want these sweets, my Moon, my son. Take them back to the sky. Give my *Ashirvad* (blessing) to your brother. You, too, live henceforward in the sky. I'll be glad just to see you from a distance. For all time women will love you as their brother; this is my blessing, my Moon." With these words the mother bade farewell to her son. So the Moon is celebrated as *Chand Mama*, the maternal uncle moon, in the lullabies and cradle-songs. This is how the folk mind pays obeisance to "the twin-brothers," the sun and the moon. Noora loves the intoxicating words of the legend.

The folk memory is, obviously, long. It finds nourishment in its own soil. It grows. Mysticism that flowers into a perfection of harmony is, like culture, the result of tillage. It grows from the inner sources of the folk mind. The gospel of "Know thyself" is reflected even in the subconscious mind of a village girl dreaming of the marriage of her little doll, or of a young listener to the fairy-tale of a princess who lived in a far-off island, and in search of whom a prince had to cross seven seas. Folk-songs and legends throb with mysticism. The Infinite, which sang to Rabindranath Tagore, "My poet, is thy desire to see thy creation through my eyes, and to stand at the portals of my ears silently to listen to thine own eternal harmony?," is in no way alien to the folk mind.

The song that came to the inspired sage of the Upanishad,

Tamvedyam purusham veda; ma vo mrityuh parivyathah.
O, seek Him, else death's agony shall be thine!

found utterance, sooner or later, in the folk mind as well. Rabindranath Tagore has written:—

Even to-day we see in our own country human nature, from its despised corner of humanity, slowly and painfully finding its way to assert the inborn majesty of man. It is like the imprisoned tree finding a rift in the wall, and sending out its eager branches into freedom, to prove that darkness is not its birthright, that its love is for the sunshine.

Here is Sundar, the wandering minstrel. His "Song of the Soul," an age-old folk-song of the Punjab, has a definite beat. Woman, whom *maya* separates from her man, symbolizes the human soul eager to meet God, even as in the Vedic songs God is recognized as *Purusha*, or Man, while Prakriti, or Matter, the humanity that receives inspiration and grace from Him, awaits Him as a woman. So sings the Soul in the mystic Song, the original words of which in the Panjabi are alive with subtleness and pure sparkling poetry :—

No beauty am I,
Nor is any worth in me:
What's there ?
What pride can I share ?
All around me
The mud pollutes me !
However much I rub
How shall I wash my body ?
Soap so little have I !
The water is so foul !
On the bank of the river deep,
I weep and weep !
What nature's stains
My body sustains !
Every time I bathe,
I weep and weep !

The "nature's stains" are obviously the ideas of *Dui*, or *Dvaita*, the proclamation of God and his creation as *two* separate entities, and not one and the same as accepted by the *Advaita* school of thought.

This song must have been born, its words show, in Pothohar, near Rawalpindi, well-known for its delicacy and its music.

Some of the songs are like gypsies ; they travel a long distance. The *Dhola*, which is a type of folk-song from Pothohar and Lahanda, or the Western Panjab, now is found almost everywhere, though naturally only a limited number of *Dholas* have gained popularity beyond their cradle. Here is a mystic *Dhola*, a favourite with Sundar, the wandering minstrel, and with all who feel the need of illumination :—

In the bazar they sell the *Barfi* sweet !
Oh, get me a little spinning-wheel ;
My sorrows I'll spin as rolls of carded cotton !
Live long, O Dhola, my love !
O Dhol, my butter !
Oh, I am a stranger here,
Give me solace !

Dhola and *Dhol* are two forms of the same term that stands for one's beloved. It will not be out of place here to note that Dhola was a Rajput prince, the story of whose love of Maru, a Rajput princess, has given birth in Rajputana to a popular ballad.[1]

The song quoted above which introduces us to a woman who would spin her sorrows instead of cotton

[1] *Dhola Maru ra Duha :* An Old Rajasthani Love-Ballad, edited in Hindi by Thakur Ram Singh, Shri Suryakaran Pareek and Shri Narottamdas Swami. (Nagari Pracharini Sabha, Benares)

brings the spinning-wheel into high relief. " Centuries ago, " says Shrimati Sarojini Naidu, " poets used the simile of the spinning-wheel and the weaver's loom for the destiny of life, the Fates spinning and weaving out man's destiny. "

The spinning-wheel has been linked with human life for many thousand years. In India, it is older than even India's epics; the *Vedas* sang of it. The first spinning-wheel was perhaps made, so the peasant of the Panjab would tell you, by God. Man is compared to the spinning-wheel itself. " Devil's spinning-wheel " is the term used in proverbs from ancient times to denote a cunning person. The woman of the Panjab has always spun, and has been as much in love with her spinning-wheel as the weaver, well-known to the folk-tale for his half-wittedness, has been with his loom.

But to return to the place of the spinning-wheel in the mystic folk-songs of the Panjab. Husain (1539-1593 A. D.), the second Panjabi Sufi poet, puts one of his songs into the mouth of a girl who remained unmarried because of her carelessness in the preparation of her trousseau, the yarn for which, it seems, she had to spin herself, like all good girls. Obviously this girl represents a soul that fails to meet the Infinite, as a neglectful Sufi would do. Presumably this simile, taken from the life of the people, was familiar in folk-songs. The Sufi songs reached the people's hearts and illuminated the folk mind with their mystic trend, their grace and their truth in simile. Lajwanti Rama Krishna writes in her *Panjabi Sufi Poets A. D. 1460-1900* :—

To the Panjabi Sufi the world was a spinning-wheel and his own self or soul, the young girl who was supposed to spin and prepare her dowry. His good actions were like spinning and the yarn thus spun was his dowry which, like the young girl, he would take to the husband (God). As a husband loved and lived happily with the wife who brought him a dowry and was qualified in spinning (in those days spinning was the greatest accomplishment of a young girl; any one not qualified in the art was looked down upon by her husband and members of his family), so did God love the Sufi who died with a good account (*Karma* or actions) and possessed qualities that would befit a soul striving for good. But like that obstinate and short-sighted girl who, ignoring the future consequences by stating that one part or the other of the spinning-wheel was out of order, the ignorant Sufi made excuses for his indulgence in worldly pleasures. In the end, like the idle young girl, he was ignored by the Beloved and union was denied him.

DEVENDRA SATYARTHI

CONFLICT—TEMPORARY OR ETERNAL ?

[**The Rev. R. S. Thomas** sees truly that the real conflict, where the eternal issues are decided, is within. But he gives us bitter comfort if he stops with the proclamation that "Life is war, struggle and pain." It is true—but it is also true that at the Centre of the whirling wheel is Peace.—Ed.]

When Pontius Pilate asked his famous question of the afflicted person before him there was, no doubt, a world of cynicism in his tone. "What is truth ? You who have answered so many questions, solved so many problems, can you reply ? "

And similarly today another question is being asked with greater cynicism, greater brutality: "What is peace ? " For a number of nations have been stuffed with a philosophy which sneers at peace and at pacifism as the signs of a decadent civilization that is bored and weary of its existence and wishes only to be left alone. War, they declare, is the finest and most typical activity of man and peace is but a time for recuperation, for the licking of wounds, a lingering over memories of past triumphs. This foolish and impious doctrine has already been refuted in the material element, for the so-called decadent nations have shown readiness to shed their own blood and ability to spill that of their assailants, rather than submit to brute force. But it has not yet been refuted in the spiritual element. Criticism of the democracies in the practice of war is technical only, but in their practice of peace they are open to many, if not to all, of the charges which have been brought against them.

But if peace has failed hitherto and if, as our critics say, people have grown lazy, corrupt and decadent when there has existed no external threat, no demand for sacrifices, then surely it is for one reason alone, namely, that they have refused to remain on their guard. With the enemy at the gates, with the possibility of paratroops' descending in the neighbourhood, no one dreams of leaving the doors of his house unlocked, but in peace time the doors are left wide open for any one to enter. So it is with the soul. The well-known parable of the unclean spirits is very true, for when the evil one had been driven out of the man's soul he relaxed and did not consider that any precautions need be taken; consequently when, as always occurs, the evil spirit returned with greater strength the man's downfall was assured. Apathy is always the most dangerous of Fifth Columnists.

Now in the services of the Christian Church there is a form known as Compline which is said by some every night and which, it seems to me, might equally well be said every morning too if we think of how it commences: "Brethren, be sober,

be vigilant, for your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour, whom resist steadfast in the faith."

These are wise words and they put one in mind of the famous vision of St. John when he conceived the great struggle that occurred in heaven when "Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels; and prevailed not, neither was their place found any more in heaven." If this picture offend any one by its anthropomorphism, we yet cannot deny that it contains much truth, for it demonstrates clearly that in the presence of God evil cannot exist. Whatever we mean or visualise by heaven or by the presence of God, we do feel that it must be a state that is one, whole and indivisible, a condition of being that is beyond good and evil, as Berdyaev would say.

But, the story continues, having been cast out of heaven the evil one came to the earth, entered the material element and set about establishing a kingdom there. And at once a change was apparent. Things were much easier now; there was not nearly so much vigilance and opposition. There was a certain ostracism, it is true. But there was connivance. There was also acquiescence and even open allegiance. In this new sphere the forces of evil began to grow, its successes to increase. Consequently the outstanding claim to honour which a religion such as Christianity has is that it entails the descent of the spirit to fight evil on its own ground. The Son of God came to wrest from the evil one his material gains, to break his hold on men's hearts, and to expose the brittleness of his kingdom. But, contending in the material world against great material forces, how did He fight, this spirit of God clothed with flesh? He did not meet matter with matter, evil with greater evil, but, in the words of St. Paul, He "overcame evil with good." He exerted all the spiritual strength at His command to present an unwavering resistance to the wiles and the temptations of the enemy; but, more than that, He deliberately sought out His foe and did battle with him, whether on the mountain top, in the garden or in the walks of men, the powerful but hypocritical Pharisees of His day.

Now in the days of peace, this that I am saying might have fallen on deaf or uncomprehending ears, for men would have asked where the struggle was occurring of which they saw no signs. But now, with much of the world in chaos, they smell blood, their senses are awake to the drama of existence. Yet the present convulsion is but a shadow of that spiritual turmoil of which the bloody sweat of the Christ in the garden is a symbol. At Hastings, Crécy, Waterloo, what was at stake besides economic wealth, political power or national pride? But in the struggle that is waged in the secret places of the soul, eternal issues are decided,

and "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul ?"

We hear so much of peace at the present time, its absence has so increased its attractiveness, that we must ask again, though without cynicism, my question of a page or two back : "What is peace ?" The free peoples of the world firmly maintain that they are not striving for material gains but for the securing of peace in the world, but since that also was the expressed aim in the war of 1914-1918 our conception of what constitutes peace will have to undergo a fundamental change. Hitherto every peace has been misused by all but a creative minority and, by the machinations of statesmen or of capitalists, has been turned into an interval between two wars instead of a maturing peace.

Consequently the watchword of the new peace, which is already gestating in the present, will have to be vigilance, eternal vigilance, the same price as that exacted for freedom. But let not people imagine that because they have decided that things will be different nothing will interfere or surprise them. Evil is a cunning fighter and, as already stated, it is fighting on its own ground, its chosen battle field. The lament of St. Paul is the lament of all struggling mortals : "The good that I would, that I do not ; the evil that I would not, that I do." It is because we are subject for a space to the limitations of the world and the flesh. Yet, there is cause for rejoicing in the superiority of our equipment. We possess powers hidden for all time from the evil one, a consciousness sensitive to beauty, truth and courage and a memory that can recall its rightful home, its proud inheritance. We possess also an intelligence which directs us positively and constructively, whereas the only achievement of evil is a destructive one. We struggle to build out of the present a future worthy of our consciousness or our conception of the mind and the will of God, a future suited to those who will succeed us, a future that shall keep them in mind of their lineage. And in so doing we strengthen our own souls, we shape them more subtly, we temper them more finely in the heat of the struggle.

Let us hope, then, that there are no fatalists among us, people who say that the future will come anyway. The future of this world of men is not subject to an impersonal and unalterable fate, as some thinkers would have it ; the future is in our own hands if we are responsible enough and brave enough to admit it. Each man holds the future in his hands like a clear crystal, and the religious man, the spiritual being, will need no gipsy or fortune-teller to paint and to people it for him ; he will not so shelve his own responsibility. Hold it up in your hands, O, Children of the Spirit, and look therein. If you see a future of ease and success, of wealth and popularity, free from all thought of the claims of God or of man upon you,

free from all obligation to return a little of the beauty and the wonder that has been showered upon you, free from all the pain which beauty and creativity inflict, so it will be and you will pass through life as a shadow over a field, unheeded. But if you see a hard road through waste or lonely places, if you see yourself standing on a precipice that bewilders you with horror, if you see poverty, ostracism, worldly failure, know that it is milestoned with the bones of prophets and of saints, this way that lies before you, and set forth on it with high heart and sure tread...it is the way of the Cross.

But how many can face the future with courage or with hope? Has not religion been debased by those who had supposed that it would make life easy for them? How many people have drifted into apathy or unbelief because they have found that, far from making life easier, religion has made it more difficult? As I saw it put somewhere, the whole point of religion is, not that it puts God on the side of men, but that it puts men on the side of God.

Let us not imagine, then, that life or peace is gentle and easy. Life is war, struggle and pain. To be truly alive and not paralysed by success or pleasure or self-interest is to suffer. The meaning of life, in this world at least, is conflict. Here the Germanic thinkers with their eschatological theories, their insistence on "*Sturm und Drang*," are right, but not in the element to which they would confine them. Life at its fullest and most intense is conflict, for "the flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh." And yet there is no need that, as St. Paul affirms, they should be contrary one to the other, for the flesh can be made to serve the spirit just as the spirit the flesh. Evil grows by what it feeds on and, finding no soil for its roots, finding no nourishment for its craving, it withers and grows faint. Yes, that roaring lion can be resisted and starved into impotence, as has been shown in the story of certain lives, whether of individuals or of nations. But it is insufficient to shun it or to connive at it, for it will seek out other prey. Acquiescence is also a sin. The history of the last twenty years demonstrates clearly man's proneness to dissociate himself from his fellows, whereas the whole lesson which we have to learn is that of our unity, and that what occurs in any place, material or spiritual, temporal or eternal, will have an endless series of repercussions elsewhere. The attitude of connivance, the policy of *laisser-faire*, these are the enemies of spiritual progress. Man is too ready to agree that there will always be rogues, that there will always be wars, that husbands will always run off with someone else's wife. Having driven evil out of heaven, the spirit of God was not content to leave it at large in a sphere that did not directly affect itself. It sought it out and to this day is striving to annihilate it.

Let us then resolve to be vigilant. Let us put forth every good and

creative power that we possess. Let our hearts be so manned by the forces of purity, honesty and love that the enemy may batter there in vain.

The tragedy of this conflict for the individual is that it takes place in the secret places of the spirit. On the battle fields of the world men have won visible triumphs, and have been openly rewarded, but who shall crown the man who emerges shaken from this most bitter strife, doubting the truth of his victory? What reward awaits those who labour through the dark night of the soul?...The dawning of their own divinity.

R. S. THOMAS

INTUITIVE KNOWLEDGE

Mr. Arthur Farwell, who writes on "Science and Intuition" in *Tomorrow* for April, describes a type of seership which he calls "intuition." He has stumbled upon a technique by which, he claims, a knowledge beyond the reach of the reasoning mind can be tapped at will—a discovery neither so new, so generally applicable, nor so safe as he believes.

His idea that "every intuition is an answer to a question, or the solution of a problem," an answer which may be deliberately sought and which may appear in any of a wide variety of forms, dwarfs hopelessly the concept of intuition as the faculty of inner, spiritual sight, through which direct and certain knowledge is obtainable, and Mr. Farwell includes loosely under the answers of intuition phenomena varying as widely as the "hunch" or inexplicable impulse, the symbolic or prophetic dream, "the spontaneous and compelling flash of truth" and "artistic, scientific, religious or other 'inspiration.'"

He well recognises that "reason's extremity is intuition's opportunity" and that "the aspect of mind or intelligence within us which gives us the intuitive answer of truth has access to a region and principle entirely beyond the reach of the ordinary waking mind." But to court the answer of intuition by "a dreamy state" of mind is to invite just such psychic visions as Mr. Farwell describes and which he essayed to interpret symbolically. It is, moreover, to risk the grave dangers inseparable from passivity.

Granting an "*Answering Intelligence* within or accessible to us, of illimitable reach and irrefragable authority," still what Mr. Farwell calls "the intuitive flash," while it may light up momentarily a fragment of that field, stands to true intuition as the lightning flash on a dark night to the clear light of day. The clear and steady light of intuition is not so easily acquired as Mr. Farwell thinks. The psychic visions of ordinary seership and mediumship are only too easily induced, though all too often at a price none can afford to pay. But true intuition belongs only to the man of superior calibre. If the time is at hand for the awakening of the ray of divine intuition—the spark which glimmers latent in the spiritual, never-erring perceptions of man and woman—the broad gate of abnormal psychic sensitiveness is also opening and well-meant but ill-conceived suggestions like those of Mr. Farwell are only too likely to add to the "many who go in thereat."

PROLOGUE TO KARMA

I dwelt in a garden long ago,
A lady in my own estate :
I passed the smoothly flowing hours
Weaving fancies in cool bowers,
Or walking mid the flowery beds
Showering kisses on their heads—
O sweet, O sweet was fate !

I cared not for the world outside,
Where men are caught in hunger's tide ;

Are born to suffer ere they die.
And when unto my garden came
A wanderer poor and sick and lame
I bade him go. Why should not I ?

But when at night I had lain down
I dreamt a thorn grew in my crown,
Then fell upon my breast ;
And thence it pierced, a vengeful dart,
Into my much affrighted heart,
Which nevermore had rest.
No, nevermore had rest.

The long night through my life was torn
And when at last there shone the morn

My garden all was gone.
Instead I looked upon
The wanderer poor and lame,
All cold and dead.

My heart sank deep in shame.
He had not bled,
But ebbed away in pain,
Like moaning in the rain.
I fled the stricken place,
No more a child of grace.
But fleeing, homeless, see !
A vision came to me—
A burning strange desire.
It was Love's winnowing fire,
That burned away my bosom's dross,
Revealing all the loss
Of self-lived years.
I bathed my soul in tears,
Yet in that instant rose
With courage in my blood
And thought of doing good.

And as all sorrow goes
When one to serve is yearning,
So I through other years
This lesson have been learning ;
And though no crown is on my head
And oft in weariness I tread my way,
I know Love's labour is the best,
That night must mingle with the day:
I know that man is born for deeds
And with his life must pay
For all regardlessness and pain
He causes to his fellow-man ;
Or if through deeds he liveth well
He does as Love's companion dwell.

WILLIAM EWART WALKER

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

SCIENCE IN THE FUTURE *

After all I have said, and in view of the experiences through which scientific progress has passed, we must admit that in no case can we rest assured that what is absolute in science to-day will remain absolute for all time.

Though chance and miracle in the absolute sense are fundamentally excluded from science, yet science is confronted to-day, more than ever before perhaps, with a wide-spread belief in miracle and magic.—Max Planck.

We have received the "Transactions of a Conference of the Division for the Social and International Relations of Science" issued by the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It contains many advanced ideas which will hearten all men of good-will. It includes a "Declaration of Scientific Principles" with which no lover of philosophical, mystical and spiritual lore can find fault. Who can object to the proposition that "the pursuit of scientific enquiry demands complete intellectual freedom and unrestricted international exchange of knowledge"? But, in the past, science itself has restricted the expansion of knowledge; when new ideas not very congenial to prevailing scientific views were presented, they were rejected off-hand—they were not given the consideration they deserved.

If we go back to the last century we find that science kept itself busy and concerned itself only with examining the processes of gross matter with a view to defining the action of the Law of Causation and Determination in the visible universe. In 1893 we find a well-known man of science asserting at the session of the British Association that "the nineteenth century had seen the completion of the great edifice of Physics." He added that "all the laws of Nature had been discovered and catalogued. Nothing remained for the Physicists of the future but to repeat the experiments of the past. Perhaps some twentieth century Physicist might carry to four decimal places a determination which the nineteenth-century Physicist had left at three." These are the actual words, from a report made by Dr. Millikan.

How quickly that smug view of Nature was overturned! Only two years later, in 1895, Roentgen showed his X-ray pictures. Immediately followed Becquerel's disclosure of radio-activity; then the Curies isolated radium; Thomson came out with his Electronic theory of matter; and think of the work of Lorentz, of Rutherford, of Soddy! In 1900 Dr. Millikan himself performed his famous experiments upon the electron to measure its electric charge and won the Nobel Prize. That nineteenth-century scientist who opined that all the laws of Nature had been discovered and catalogued took no note of a prophecy that had been made in 1888:—

* *The Report of the British Association for the Advancement of Science: Science and World Order.* (Burlington House, London W. 1. 5s.)

We are at the very close of the cycle of 5,000 years of the present Aryan Kaliyuga; and between this time and 1897 there will be a large rent made in the Veil of Nature, and materialistic science will receive a death-blow.—H. P. Blavatsky. (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 612)

Neither the advance of science itself nor the work of the Psychical Researcher, whose Society also remained surrounded by the fogs of ignorance and prejudice, made the ordinary scientist sufficiently humble to look in the direction whence came that prophecy so soon and so spectacularly fulfilled.

But much of the dogmatic attitude of the scientists of the last century should be forgiven them. They were fighting religious bigotry, familiar with the fact that men of quest and research of earlier generations had been persecuted by the organized churches. Nevertheless it was unfortunate that their reaction against and opposition to religion, however natural because of the cruel persecution and the brutal fanaticism of the churches, led to a complete severance between religion and science.

In the ancient world of Egypt, of Chaldea, of Aryavarta, students of religion were dispassionate and logical thinkers, patient experimenters. Their ways and methods of experimentation were different, no doubt, from those of the modern observer. But there can be no question that they were patient researchers, seekers after truth, advancing the cause of knowledge. It was only with the rise to power of theologians and churchmen that religion became a matter of blind belief—dogmatic assertion by the priest and submissive acceptance by the laity.

The grand idea on which the science of religion was founded was that Law governed the visible and the invisible cosmos; priestcraft substituted for it superstitions—the brood of an anthropomorphic whimsical God whose judgments might not be questioned, whose will must be obeyed, which judgment and will were known but to the professional priest.

With the rise of modern knowledge, one of its first deductions to become popular was this ancient idea of Law. Modern science restored Law as the governing power of and in the universe. The inherent reasonableness of the truth that Law governed the known and the unknown processes of Nature appealed to human conscience. The voice of conscience exerts a more potent influence than even the voice of mind, especially with large masses of men, who instinctively examine the validity of every idea at the bar of conscience. Whatever opposition to modern science exists today arises out of the legitimate revolt of the human conscience, which cannot accept the dictum that science has no relation to morals, that its function is to spread knowledge irrespective of the evil consequences such knowledge may produce. For example, not all scientists see the necessity of setting their house in order, even now, when they are charged with a share of the responsibility for the wicked use made of the findings and teachings of science.

Moral considerations have always played a leading rôle in human history and so it is essential that the great scientists of the world assume responsibility for the release of findings whose application can obstruct the rhythmic progress of the human race. It is a welcome sign, therefore, that at one of the sessions of the Conference a French

savant, M. le Capitaine H. Bernard, quoted Montaigne in support of this idea—"*Science sans conscience n'est que ruine de l'âme.*"

But Science is not likely to acknowledge the intimate relation between the spread of scientific knowledge and human morality. Science will shoulder this responsibility only when it has come to recognise that the Law of Cause and Effect extends to the mental and moral spheres and that its working is not confined to physics and to physiology alone.

Modern science has extended the boundaries of the realm of matter. But it has not yet come to concern itself with the rest of the three worlds —the Trilokas of the Hindu philosopher. The world of matter has expanded to encompass invisibility, but modern science does not concern itself with the second of the three worlds, that of morals. The ancient scientists examined the activity of Law in the sphere of human morals, which their modern heirs are not doing in a thoroughgoing fashion. And naturally, therefore, the third or the highest of the Trilokas, the world of Spirit or Atman, is not touched.

Modern science is experimenting with invisible matter, *sukshma*, that which Paracelsus called astral or starry matter; it is experimenting also with that energy called Prana which gives to matter its cohesive and disintegrating powers. In a new civilisation we shall need new knowledge. Physics, which has done such wonderful things in the realm of practical engineering and which is now dealing with the constituents of the invisible realm, would gain most profoundly if the future physicists, of India at least, were to accept as a scientific axiom the truth of the moral order of the universe, and thus linked up the second world of ethics, of morality, of thought-will-feeling, with that of electrons and protons.

If it is necessary for the betterment of our future that the poet and the philosopher join hands, it is indeed more necessary for the building of a better social order that scientist and mystic, physicist and metaphysician, psychologist and occultist come together to pool their knowledge and to draw from it as from a common store. What is it that we are asking for? Simply this: let modern scientists accept and demonstrate that *Law* is at work in the manifestation of human emotions, personal and collective, and that the Teaching of the Great Buddha is axiomatic—Hatred ceaseth not by hatred but by Love. He said that that was the Eternal Law.

The danger to be avoided by rising scientists is the danger of dogmatism. Who has not heard the stories of Galileo and of Benjamin Franklin, of Professor Hare of Philadelphia and of William Crookes of London; and of our own countryman—Jagadish Chandra Bose. The rising scientist must learn to look outside of his own special branch of study, especially in the direction of the world of Psychic Forces and Psychic Intelligences. If scientists accept the truth that Cause and Effect function in the moral universe, that evolution does not stop with the human brain, they will soon deduce that the Perceiver of all perceptions is also an evolving, an unfolding entity. Perfected Souls—call them Rishis, Mahatmas —are great scientists, scientists *par excellence*. They, having realized im-

mortality in and of self-consciousness, cannot be dead. And certainly They would instruct worthy minds as strong in morals as in reasoning. We need researchers endowed with a perception of their moral responsibility, eager to learn the Great Wisdom, Maha Vidya, from such Teachers. Is this idea not implicit in these words of the celebrated Max Planck?

> At this present moment of time and space the human intellect as we know it may possibly not be the highest type of intellect in existence. Higher intelligences may exist in other places or may appear in other epochs. And the intellectual level of these beings may be as much above ours as ours is above the protozoa. Then it may well happen that before the penetrating eye of such intelligences even the most fleeting moment of mortal thought, as well as the most delicate vibration in the ganglia of the human brain, could be followed in each case, and that the creative work of our mortal geniuses could be proved by such an intelligence to be subject to unalterable laws, just as the telescope of the astronomer traces the links of the manifold movement of the spheres.

JAPAN'S NEW ORDER*

It is a measure of current international values that the title of this book, published under the auspices of the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations, Inc., should obscure the travail of China, which is the victim, by emphasising the tug-of-war between America and Japan for China's material and spiritual domination. Although of topical interest, it is got up and presented in a pleasing, even sumptuous, format. Written with admirable lucidity, the book combines academic rectitude with judicial balance.

The book is divided into three parts followed by a short conclusion and many appendices containing extracts from public documents. An imposing but monotonous catalogue of American rights and interests in China is furnished in the first two sections; and a painfully meticulous account of how they have suffered attrition during the Sino-Japanese hostilities completes what is intended to be a sombre picture of Japanese disregard of international law and treaty rights. But the point is slurred that the first exploiters of China got in by *force majeure* and have been maintaining themselves by a *Diktat,* and not by a free treaty freely negotiated with the hapless nationals of that land. Reading the author's account of how foreign rights in China arose, one gets the impression that they were designed more for China's advantage than for that of the foreigners. This is the head and front of the democracies' offence to the conscience of the world today; and it finds different expression in different contexts.

Japan's New Order in East Asia is undoubtedly a psychological swindle. But it can never be countered by Western *professions* of the rule of law, the sanctity of treaties, free trade, *et hoc genus omne.* Japan has been an apt pupil of the West. The last to enter the field, she has displayed a morality as shady as that of her exemplars. Her geography, moreover, gave her certain advantages which she was

* *The United States and Japan's New Order.* By WILLIAM C. JOHNSTONE. (Oxford University Press, New York. $3.00)

not slow to capitalise. The course of events between the two world-wars left her free to pursue her expansion and consolidation by turns. It was not till the crowning blow at Pearl Harbour that the world realised the full intent of Japan's vaulting ambition.

It is this background of the last twenty-five years that is sketched in this book, but almost exclusively from the American point of view. Apart from the loss of prestige, the total loss to American interests in China is widely estimated to range from 50 to 250 million dollars.

In the last part, the author examines the policy of the American Government in its dealings with Japan. He accounts for its infirmity of purpose by suggesting an ideological as well as a realistic reason. America was tied down by its own loudly professed pacifist tradition in international affairs. Furthermore, a war in the Pacific without previous cohesion among the powers making common cause would give all the strategic advantage to the latest of the aggressors. It was doubted further if the Americans would fight over an issue of petty economic and doubtful moral value. Hence the American administration vacillated and contented itself with vigorous, if long-winded, protests.

In the short concluding section, the author essays the delicate task of formulating an enduring Far-Eastern policy for America, as a counter-blast to Japan's "New Order in Asia." Writing before the outbreak of the Pacific conflict, the author is bold enough to suggest "appeasing" Japan within limits. Though this is motivated by the desire to ensure a "free" China with its doors wide open for all "legitimate" trade and exploitation, there is the welcome recognition that the ultimate solution can come only from a strong, independent China.

As the war is taking its course, it is futile to speculate on the shape of the peace that is to come. But there is no disguising the fact that authoritative pronouncements are either ambiguous in the old style, or disquieting in the new. As the war-potential of democracies mounts up, they tend, perhaps unconsciously, to assume the mantle of the Bourbons, who "learned nothing, and forgot nothing!" That presents a bleak prospect not only for China but for the world.

P. MAHADEVAN

THE SUNDARA-KANDA OF THE RAMAYANA*

The Research Department of the D. A. V. College, Lahore, has been doing for the *Ramayana* exactly what the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute of Poona has been doing for the *Mahabharata*. Decades of scholarly effort in elucidating finally reliable texts of the two ancient epics from the medley of divergent manuscripts are resulting in the issue of ponderous volumes like the present one, laden with the fruits of judicious scholarship and careful research. The authorities of the D. A. V. College, Lahore, started

* *Ramayana of Valmiki (in its North-Western Recension): Sundara-Kanda.* Critically edited for the first time from original manuscripts and supplied with an Introduction by VISHVA-BANDHU SHASTRI. (D. A. V. College Sanskrit Series, No. 18, D. A. V. College Research Department, Lahore. Rs. 7/8)

work about twenty years ago on an authoritative edition of the *Ramayana* in its North-Western textual tradition and the present volume, the eighteenth in the series, comprises the *Sundara-Kanda.*

In the case of ancient works like the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata,* it is inevitable, particularly in view of the manner in which the hand-written texts have been handed down from generation to generation, that there should have crept in scriptorial and other divergences to give rise, at this distance of time, to suspicions as to the exact extent and character of the original texts. In oral transmission, minor vocal variations are more than probable and exigencies of time and place in the course of recitation may well have rendered omissions and interpolations almost inevitable. That is the price which ancient works have to pay for their age. Thus it is that South India has its individual textual tradition of the *Ramayana,* just as Bengal has its own. The critical scholar is naturally therefore drawn to a comparative study of the various manuscripts with a view to clarifying the text and freeing it of suspected and provable impurities.

The present recension of the *Sundara-Kanda* has been prepared after a careful comparative study of a number of manuscripts available in North-West India. The Editor's Introduction explains the editorial technique adopted and a mere glance at his comparative tables is convincing of the thoroughness and care with which the work has been executed. The North-Eastern or Bengal and the Southern recensions have also been comparatively examined and the deviations, textual as well as scriptorial, carefully clarified and indicated. The textual editing of such works as the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* is no small responsibility and Shri Vishva-Bandhu Shastri has undoubtedly brought to bear judicious and careful attention, enormous patience, indefatigable effort and extraordinary scholarship in preparing the present volume.

But something has to be said regarding the scriptorial presentation of the text. The Editor states in his Introduction that owing to inter-vocable coalescence "a Sanskrit text sometimes becomes a subject of difficult and doubtful comprehension" and that therefore "a system of showing every vocable separately while retaining *Sandhi* has been devised and followed." To eyes accustomed to reading the Sanskrit compounds and other grammatical expressions in their natural and undivided form, with the various forms written together according to the rules of coalescence, the present manner is inconvenient for quick optical grasp. It also is likely to give rise to doubts about the grammatical relation of a particular *pada* to the remaining *padas* until second thought or closer observation comes to the reader's rescue. This happens particularly in the division of compounds and the separation of the preposition from the main body of the predicative words. The grammatical unity in which the various components of a compound are bound up and the close relation which subsists between the prepositional prefix and the principal predicate are necessarily reflected as much in their scriptorial juxtaposition as in their combined vocalisation. The separation of the syllables *after* due observance of the rules of coalescence

strikes one as artificial and unnatural. Unless vocalised together and in one breath they grate harshly upon the ear and lose all the music and the mellifluence for which the Sanskrit tongue is so well known.

But this is a minor point when we consider the monumental work which Shri Vishva-Bandhu Shastri has done in so ably editing the *Sundara-Kanda* of the *Ramayana*. Shri Shastri and the authorities of the D. A. V. College deserve congratulations from every lover of Sanskrit.

V. M. INAMDAR

Rammohan Roy and America. By ADRIENNE MOORE. (Satis Chandra Chakravarti, Sadharan Brahmo Samaj, 211, Cornwallis Street, Calcutta. Cloth, Rs. 2/8; Paper, Rs. 2/-)

Wide and diligent research has obviously gone into this well-documented thesis for the M. A. degree of the Columbia University. The winnowing of the material that might bear on the influence which that spiritual stalwart Raja Rammohan Roy may have had in the U. S. A. between 1816 and 1836 or 1840 seems to have been thorough. That the grain is at least quantitatively disproportionate to the chaff—considerably more than half the book being given to the bibliography—is only to be expected. If the available evidence were more conclusive the thread would certainly have been picked up by previous delvers into the sources of American Transcendentalism. Miss Moore rests her case largely on presumptions, but they are strong ones.

The book is published at the instance of the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj and partly out of Rammohan Roy Centenary funds. It is not quite free from inaccuracies; among them one that certainly calls for qualification, namely, the suggestion that Rammohan Roy's translations from the Sanskrit "marked the beginning of Bengali literature." Such a slip may be forgiven a foreigner, however, for the sake of Miss Moore's amply proved interest in her subject.

And yet—her treatment leaves one vaguely disappointed. To study the early nineteenth-century Indian leader with an open mind is to recognize in some measure his greatness. Miss Moore accepts his designation as the "Father of Modern India," but her "Estimate of Rammohan Roy," a rather short but highly informative biographical sketch, may seem to the enthusiast to err, if at all, on the side of meticulous objectivity. Miss Moore will avoid the ire of the iconoclast who looks askance at enthusiasm in a biographer. But Rammohan Roy is no ordinary subject of biography; he towers above our pygmy generation as he towered above his own. A little hero-worship at a worthy shrine would do our sordid modern world no harm.

PH. D.

The Book of Mencius (Abridged). Translated from the Chinese by LIONEL GILES. (Wisdom of the East Series, John Murray, London. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

This addition to the Wisdom of the East Series is welcome, and Dr. Giles is to be congratulated on having done a difficult task with discrimination.

The form of the series has necessitated drastic abridgment, and the present volume of 120 pages is a translation of little more than half the original. There is no index and the notes are reduced to a minimum. Dr. Giles's book, therefore, does not purport to help in the elucidation of the Chinese text, or to guide the serious student of the philosophy of Mencius. It is intended as an introduction only, and, as such, with the translator's succinct preface, it succeeds well. Many of the passages omitted can ill be spared, but those which Dr. Giles has selected are those best calculated to interest the average reader without giving confusing proper names or long quotations.

Very little historical record of Mencius has come down to us. He was born about the year 372 B. C., and was thus contemporary with Aristotle. At that time, the feudal system of China was nearing its end in civil war and wide-spread distress, to be replaced by the despotism which persisted until recent times. The country was divided into a number of petty states, each nominally feudal but really independent and struggling for supremacy; and in the resulting wars the people suffered as an agricultural population in such circumstances always must.

It was the sufferings of the people that inspired the teaching of Mencius. At the age of forty he emerged from an obscurity on which nothing but tradition throws any light, and spent about twenty years in going from State to State, exhorting the rulers to good government. "Give the people a chance," he taught. "Abolish famine by wise laws and mild taxation, and multitudes will flock to enjoy your rule which will thus by degrees be extended indefinitely." Mencius hated war as though he himself were one of the suffering peasants, and denounced as the worst of criminals those responsible for it. He was an idealist. "All men are born good," he held, "and only become evil as the result of adverse circumstances." There is much wisdom here. The peasant farmer is too occupied with his work to bother about politics, and Chinese revolutions have been caused rather by empty stomachs than by negligent rulers.

Mencius records little about religion, though evidence of a belief in God, as distinct from "Heaven" occurs at intervals. That such references indicate a "personal" god, as Dr. Giles states in the preface, is, however, not obvious.

With the idealism of Mencius was mingled sound common-sense, as is shown by the laws that he advocated. His advice, however, failed to produce any change, and at the age of sixty he retired and spent the remaining twenty years of his life in recording his experiences and his doctrines, hoping, no doubt, to give to posterity the help that his contemporaries had rejected.

In a short review it is impossible even to outline precisely a subject of great fascination, but those who read Dr. Giles's book should be encouraged to pursue a study attractive alike to students of philosophy and of Chinese history.

E. B. H.

Villages and Towns as Social Patterns: A Study in the Processes and Forms of Societal Transformation and Progress. By BENOY KUMAR SARKAR. (Chuckervertty Chatterjee and Co., Ltd., 15, College Square, Calcutta. Rs. 15/-)

Those who are acquainted with the voluminous writings of Sarkar know what to expect from him—a mine of information and scholarly treatment. It is not possible within a short compass to indicate the innumerable social topics this book covers. Its object is to describe and to analyse the processes and the forms through which society passes in villages or towns, as it evolves from stage to stage. For this purpose, villages and towns from all over the world are passed in review, the reason being that in the interest of formulating a scientific theory the data should represent the most diverse grades and phases of development. The task is colossal, and only a much-travelled and well-read man like our author, who has devoted his life to a wide and intensive study of social problems, is qualified to attempt it. Comparative statistical data in regard to conditions prevailing in India, America, England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan and Russia are given. Besides, the views of eminent thinkers and writers in some non-English European languages are marshalled and discussed, which will be of help to the research scholar who may not otherwise have access to their views owing to the language barrier.

Amongst the beliefs that the author develops are :—

1.—Human relations, whether in villages or towns, are, generally speaking, the same and exhibit the same kind of change and development, any difference between the forms found in villages and those in towns being more a matter of degree than a difference in kind.

2.—It is hardly possible to establish a monistic interpretation of social phenomena. Complex as they are, it is necessary to postulate a plurality of causes for them if they are to be adequately explained.

3.—Progress, a study of which is the chief theme of this book, does not consist, as is usually thought, in approximating a goal, for then once the goal is reached, there can be no such thing as progress. Progress, on the contrary, is endless, indeterminate, always in the form of a disequilibrium or struggle between good and evil and the choice of the good under the circumstances. It is, therefore, in the nature of an adventure, moving from one creative social experiment in reconstruction to another.

The book is full of important observations and discussions which, whether acceptable or not, must be taken into account by the student of sociology. It is of vital interest also to a wider circle of readers, more especially in India, which is at the parting of the ways and where decisions of far-reaching consequence have to be taken regarding the social, political, economic and educational reorganisation of the country. In regard to all these spheres sufficient material for thought and guidance will be found in it. In a country like ours, where there is dearth of original literature on topics such as these, this book is indeed welcome. If, however, one may indulge in criticism of a work which cannot but evoke admiration for its wide erudition and sound matter-of-fact attitude, it is that it inclines to be verbose and pedantic. Otherwise it is a standard work of the first rank and value.

BHARATAN KUMARAPPA

My Life: A Fragment. By MAULANA MOHAMED ALI ; edited by AFZAL IQBAL. (Shaikh Muhammad Ashraf, Kashmiri Bazar, Lahore. Rs. 5/4)

The autobiographical sketch which has led the editor of this book to give it this title was not intended by the author to be published as such. Mohamed Ali set out to write a simple exposition of Islam for the "man in the street." As introductory to this he started by relating his own religious experience from childhood up. This essentially preliminary portion of the work was to have been followed by three other parts which were to deal entirely with an exposition of Islam. But unfortunately, due to lack of time owing to his busy public life, the author could not proceed with his task beyond a few pages of the second part, which are published in this book as an appendix, and which deal chiefly with the genesis and growth of the misunderstanding which now exists between Islam and the West.

Those who are acquainted only with the public career of Mohamed Ali little know how deeply religious he was. He was intensely devoted to Islam and expected that when the prevailing misunderstanding in the West against it was removed, Islam would have a much greater following in the West and elsewhere.

According to him, the essence of Islam was that

> the entire universe was one. The unity of the Creator postulated the unity of His creation and all was one vast Theocracy with Allah for its King and man for his earthly Viceregent.

Man had been endowed with a will of his own. But once he chose to serve none but God and completely surrendered himself to his Maker he became the Viceregent of God and had the full force of the universe at his back. This is what gave limitless courage and dynamic to the true follower.

Believing thus that all things were under the rule of God, the author sees nothing but crass materialism in the separation which is made in the West of Politics from Religion. He finds in it an attempt to dismiss God to the realm of the spirit, in order to let loose on the world narrow nationalism, racialism, exploitation and imperialism. True Religion, on the contrary, will regard no law other than the law of God and no will other than His will in whatever sphere, and will recognise no distinction between man and man, for all in God's universe are one.

How attractive a religion is when expounded by a devout follower as compared with the dry bones and perversions one finds in expositions by those outside the fold ! The editor is to be thanked for his labour of love. We look forward to his collection of Mohamed Ali's writings and speeches.

BHARATAN KUMARAPPA

India and a New Civilisation. By RAJANI KANTA DAS, M.A., M.SC., PH.D. (Prabasi Press, 120/2 Upper Circular Road, Calcutta. Rs. 3/- or 5*s*.)

The survival and progress of a social group depend largely upon its adaptation to changing environment and its reorientation in the light of its philosophical, scientific, literary and artistic progress. The Hindu civilisation, with a distinct cultural pattern of its own, has a long historical past and despite

the cross-currents of Muslim invasions of the twelfth century and the slow but steady percolation of Western thought and culture of later days, the Hindu culture has been able to preserve its integrity, though in a new form. It is the author's thesis in the present book that since the beginning of the nineteenth century, India has been evolving a new civilisation out of the integration of different cultural ideals, the outcome of the fusion of the older Hindu civilisation with the Muslim and Western cultures which were brought into contact with it by political and economic forces on the one hand and by the dawn of a new renaissance expressing itself in the recognition of new social values, ideals and aims, on the other.

Viewing the rise of this renascent civilisation against the background of its past cultural achievement, the author examines the historical development, the main cultural traits and the outstanding contribution of each of the constituents of this new civilisation, and traces its manifestations in the religious, the reformist, the educational, the industrial and the political movements of the last 150 years. A civilisation which is a blend of all that is high and ennobling in the East and the West, an integration of the subjective and the objective views of life, a reconciliation between moral achievement and material success and a happy mean between untiring activity and sober contemplation—that is what this new and more properly scientific civilisation promises to be.

The author is not oblivious of the fact that the realisation of such a civilisation in India depends first and foremost upon the establishment of a government of, for and by the people and all the benefits which such a government can give. The main argument of the book will surely be lost if it be complacently assumed that India is going to develop such a civilisation, for her and the world's salvation, without our first striving to achieve that which is its prime condition—national freedom.

V. M. I.

The Political Philosophies Since 1905. Vol. II, Part III. By BENOY KUMAR SARKAR, M. A., DR. *H. C.* (Motilal Banarsidass, Saidmitha Street, Lahore. Rs. 5/-)

Philosophy, says the ancient adage, bakes no bread, but it has moulded the mind of whole peoples and has functioned as a very high explosive in the affairs of mankind. The wit of Voltaire was the corrosive that ate away obscurantism and superstition. (Alas, only for his generation! Every generation needs its Voltaire.) The maxims of Rousseau, such as "Man is born free and is everywhere in chains" released forces that culminated in the French Revolution and the ushering in of democracy as a vital factor in the present era.

Against the democratic order with Rousseau as its inspiring source, the German people have been fired by Nietzsche. The defects of an imperfect democracy, the easy expansion of Europe's domination, the march of science and invention, the undreamt of acceleration in production released an exhilaration of spirit which clothed itself in the audacities of Nietzsche. The ethic of humility, self-surrender, purity, poverty etc., was swept away as unworthy of conquering

races and smacking of the defeatist mentality of the downtrodden Jews. The will to power became the ideal of a whole generation of Germans. The dreams of Nietzsche are being tested on the battle fields of the world today. Philosophy then is not a matter concerning small ineffective coteries but is the most powerful social force known to mankind. The world has to decide between Rousseau and Nietzsche today, between equality of rights and duties for all people and a hierarchical order of races and classes.

What are the major factors governing the world situation? Population, race, the scientific technique of production and destruction, nationality, inequality of peoples and classes, and ideologies governing the outlook of whole masses form the ground-work and set the direction of world forces. Over-population seeking outlet, under-population inviting settlement, the urge for raw materials and markets, furnish the motive forces of colonisation and of war. A world population treaty binding all organised peoples to maintain a certain optimum population seems to some sociologists the necessary foundation of perpetual peace. This involves the vexed problems of feminism, birth-control, the sacred rights of individual liberty and so on. There is the further problem of improving mankind through planned mating. Further, the mutual attitude of races constitutes another well-nigh fatal question. The present world-leadership would rather perish in ignoring it than surrender inherited prejudice. What is the truth of the matter? What is the report of Ethnology, Anthropology, Biology and Psychology? It is being elicited in a confused tangle of controversy by the savants of the world.

These and related problems vital to the welfare of humanity are mentioned in this book by Dr. Sarkar. The book is more a reference work, an annotated bibliography of a very large number of important works, the summaries ranging from a few pages to a few lines each, than a systematic political philosophy in the strict sense. Readers looking for theories of the state, the meaning of law and right, the place of force in the constitution of the state etc., will be disappointed. All social problems are listed and many prominent thinkers are quoted and commented upon. The passion of the undertaking lies in the direction of proving the equality of Asian peoples to any in Europe and America. The author has a way of coining peculiar terms, for instance, de-imperialisation and de-albinisation to mean the fall of empires and the humiliation of white peoples! He refers to great thinkers like Dewey as "world-goods"! One notes with regret that so widely read a scholar should show a sad provincialism. Bengalicism, the "expansion" of Bengal after 1905 (compared to the expansion of Japan since that year!), Ramakrishna-Vivekananda World Empire, these figure in his imagination exactly as empire and white supremacy figure in the imagination of Westerners. The hate reaction holds us prisoner to the thing we would abolish. We must rise above the tumult of surface agitation to reflect the serenity of the spiritual heaven, if we would persuade.

M. A. Venkata Rao

SHORT NOTICES

Etching of a Tormented Age. By HSIAO CH'IEN. (P. E. N. Books, George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 2*s*.). This little book contains six short essays on the literary revolution that is now taking place in China. The ancient style of the Classics, a thorough knowledge of which was formerly essential to scholarship and to official position and which bore little relation to the spoken language, has given way during the past few years to a simple style based on the latter. The result has been stupendous. Education has been brought within reach of millions who before would have been illiterate, and a vast new literature has sprung into being. Mr. Hsiao has a terse and lucid style. His description of the movement and his criticism of various forms of the new literature, essay, poetry, drama and fiction, are of particular interest to those who knew the China of yesterday.

E. B. H.

Is This the Christianity of the Bible? By F. THEOPHILUS. (P. K. Sircar, The Educational Book Co., 5/1, Purna Banerjee Lane, Dacca. Rs. 2/- or 4*s*.) The author of the book is more than pained to see that Christianity in practice is not what it ought to be and he attributes with singular vehemence the present chaotic condition of the world to man's moral and spiritual downfall in the matter of animal slaughter for food. The underlying premise is that " it is food which plays the most important part in the formation of man's true character." Unnecessary quotation fills a large part of the book and is responsible for confusion of argument. The style of writing, the treatment of the subject-matter, the irreverent and bellicose attitude from end to end, and, above all, misprints in profusion despite three pages of Errata are features which can successfully challenge the most determined and persevering of reviewers.

V. M. I.

Palni: The Sacred Hill of Muruga. By J. M. SOMASUNDARAM PILLAI. (Sri Dandayuthapani Swami Devasthanam, Palni. As. 12). Palni is a sacred place of pilgrimage in South India. The presiding deity, Shri Dandayuthapani Swami, is described as "a personal god to every Hindu... irrespective of sectional differences." The present monograph, issued more or less as a guide to the devotee, is full of information both geographical and historical about the sacred shrine. The intending pilgrim will find in it all that he might want to know about the shrine and its management. The illustrations are attractive. A translation by Shri J. M. Nallaswami Pillai of *Tiru-Murugarrup-padai*, an idyll from the archaic Tamil anthology, the *Pattuppattu*, is included as an appendix.

V. M. I.

Aryan and Semetic Cultures and Religions. By BULAKI RAMA. (Published by the Author, Hafizabad, Dist. Gujranwala, Panjab). This small book, dedicated to the memory of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, is refreshingly forthright in its approach, if provocative in some of its conclusions. Judaism, Christianity and Islam, for example, would all protest classification as religions of autocratic tendency as contrasted with the more democratic concepts of the Aryan faiths. Among these Shri Rama includes Buddhism, Zoroastrianism and the Greek, Roman, Scandinavian and Egyptian religions, as well as Hinduism. And Shri Rama's drastic solution of the education problem—taking the children out of their homes at a very early age and turning them over to national training homes for upbringing—is not likely to be very popular. Human mind does not, as the author claims, work "in a purely mechanical way" and the average home, with all its admitted defects, still can give the child, offsetting to some extent the superstitions which it fastens upon him, something without which life would be bleak indeed. And a better field for character-building than the home at its best has yet to be discovered.

E. H.

INDIA AND ENGLAND

The March 1942 number of *Life and Letters Today*, edited by Robert Herring and exclusively devoted to India, contains the following :—

> In short, whatever is offered is offered in the spirit that has characterized British rule in that country—a spirit lacking understanding and vision on the one hand and courage and even expediency on the other. We ourselves may not find it paradoxical that we stand as champions in Europe of a liberty we refused India ; we ourselves may cheerfully endure our own habits of belated and makeshift compromise ; but they are not necessarily endearing to a race of another cast of mind, and it is as some contribution to a more general understanding of that mind that this number is presented.

The issue is given mostly to cultural subjects, tea-table talk, decorations on a building whose foundations are unsound—but there are two articles which get down to fundamental issues, S. Rajandram's on "Britain's Blind Eye" to the real character of the Indian National Movement as part of the world struggle between freedom and oppression, and Nancy Cunard's "On Colour Bar" in which she pertinently suggests that

> it would be of point if Government, along with its helpful "do's and don't's" to us, would issue a few instructions on *the scrapping of race prejudice and the Colour Bar, here and now*....The exquisite sculptures of old India in our Museums—but the Indian doctor, the Indian student having "the usual time" with our landladies and our hotel porters. Really, a charming picture is it not ? Especially if we remember that we are fighting to keep this sort of thing flourishing in our midst, and in our colonies. Or *are* we ?

The writer's solution of "a *law* against Colour Bar in our country and possessions" would help but what is needed is a change of heart on the part of the natural leaders of the people in Great Britain.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

During the last month an event of importance to the whole of humanity has taken place. As a result of the incarceration of India's great leader, Gandhiji, the estrangement between the people of this country and their British rulers has assumed gigantic proportions. As the Apostle of Non-Violence is in jail, as are almost all of his most intelligent and devoted followers, there is hardly any one left to lead the people on the paths of love. Even this gives the Indian people an opportunity: individuals can and should practise self-discipline in the art of Non-Violence and unfold the clear perception necessary to grasp, sufficiently to live up to, that Eternal Law which the great Buddha reiterated and which Gandhiji has revivified to such a great extent. That Law is—Hatred ceaseth not by hatred, but by Love.

As yet only the opening scenes have been penned of the drama of the Indian National Congress's demand for Freedom Now. It is being written in the heart-blood and the tears of some of our noblest. When finished, it will be the work of many hands and no man knows how the play will develop, whether into a tragedy or a "morality play" in the highest sense. Let not the part that Indian hands shall write be stained with violent acts such as have blotted the first few pages!

It is unfortunate that the Government of India should have made itself an instrument of Karma which will injure its own efforts in prosecuting this war, and will increase its difficulties in the future. But we do not look upon this event as an isolated happening in which only India is concerned. Nor do we consider it even as affecting the present war only. Stupendous as is the national and international significance of this event as a political development, its moral and spiritual import is greater still and, though invisible, will be much more far-reaching.

Much of the agony of the world in these last years can be traced to the failure to heed Manu:—

> Justice, being violated, destroys; justice, being preserved, preserves; therefore justice must not be violated, lest violated justice destroy us.

But, while injustice is the root cause of our sufferings, more than justice is demanded for their cure. What the world needs to heal its wounds, to regain its health, to grow in strength, is the spirit of good-will and the force of friendship. It is a matter of profound sorrow for all who labour for the righteous Cause of Universal Brotherhood that an event has been allowed to precipitate which darkens human emotions, makes the prevailing mental confusion worse confounded, and thus delays still further the coming of Universal Peace. Difficult as would in any case have been the labour of re-

establishing friendly relations among belligerents, it has been made more difficult, for now the house of the United Nations stands divided against itself. The foolish acts of violence in India following Gandhiji's arrest will be put down by counter-force of violence, but what about the peace and the good-will necessary for the creation of a new world order?

August 15, 1942

There are still some—Stephen Duggan, for example, who writes in the March 1942 *News Bulletin* of the Institute of International Education on "Peaceful Change through Supra-national Legislation"—who cling to the hope that something has been learned by the failure of the Versailles Treaty. The drift of opinion, however, seems to be largely in the direction of piling folly on folly.

It is perhaps natural that nations crushed under the Nazi war engine should feel that the downfall of Hitler and the close of the war should be followed by condign punishment which should convince the Nazi hordes that one reaps what one sows. That such an ideology is gaining ground as a war aim was demonstrated in January last, when the representatives of nine European countries occupied by Germany and her allies formally adopted a war aim based upon a declaration of Mr. Churchill's, in condemning the execution of hostages in France, that "Retribution for these crimes must henceforward take its place amongst the major purposes of the war." The *Czechoslovak Information Service* of 15th July 1942 in an article on "Retribution for Germany's Crimes" makes an open avowal of sympathy with "an eye-for-an-eye" policy.

> Germany must be punished. She must be made to know that she will not get away with it in future. Not sweet reasoning but punishment and threat of further punishment must form the basis of a future re-education of Germany. And on its parliament there should be an inscription which every German should know by heart and be forced to live by: *Crime does not pay.*

The sentiments are understandable but the logic is not. That the Nazi atrocities seem almost incredible should not be allowed to destroy our faith that it is always possible to win over the wicked to wiser ways. If the spirit of humanity, for the preservation of which the enemy is being resisted today, should be considered less efficient than tooth-for-tooth retribution, then the war is not being fought for a noble ideal. If the United Nations feel that, victory once achieved, the responsibility of re-educating Germany will be upon them, let them by all means teach their pupil that "no greater calamity can befall a people," as W. E. Channing said, "than to prosper by crime," but let not that teaching be through further crime.

What needs to be borne in mind is not only the humanitarian aspect of the question and the fact that the clamour for retaliation is, as Dr. Felix Morley describes it in *The Saturday Evening Post* for 18th April, "boomerang propaganda." "Nothing," he writes,

> except perhaps the absurd miscalculations of its strength by many of our people, could have more greatly strengthened the Axis than the boomerang propaganda of those who continually intimate that an even more drastic and vindictive Versailles would be the result of Anglo-Saxon victory.

There is a further pertinent con-

sideration. This is a universe of law. There is no need for the United Nations to constitute themselves its ministers. Those who clamour for retribution can rest assured that it will inevitably follow on the heel of action with wrong motive, by whomsoever performed, "even as the wheel of the wagon follows the hoof of the bullock." And malice and revengefulness will reap their own reaction.

Democracy is not an artificial piece of mechanism that can be set up to order, but is a philosophy of human relationships which must first work in the minds of men and through them express itself in the way of life of a people and its institutions. That the Negroes of America, generally in no way inferior to the average "white man" and even, Mr. John Daniels claims in his article "One Tenth of the Nation," in the April issue of *Tomorrow*, excelling him in music, histrionics, cheerfulness, patience, generosity and sociability, should still, in spite of legislative provision, have to suffer humiliating treatment is a feature of America's life which negatives its protestations about its democratic way of life. That these slights and insults are not matters of law but of custom and blind emotional prejudice makes them somewhat less reprehensible but perhaps little easier to bear. (Murder committed under sudden emotional stress is a less heinous crime than murder in cold blood, no doubt, but the effect upon the victim is very much the same!) Since 1863 the Negroes have been "free" and their rights as citizens nominally recognised, but racial and colour prejudice has too deeply permeated "white" minds and emotions to allow such a recognition of rights to materialise into a *real* equality of social or political status. Mr. Edwin R. Embree, President of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, in a speech broadcast on March 8th frankly confessed:—

> If you ask me...if we have complete democracy even in America, my answer is "no." We do not yet give full liberty and equal opportunity to all the people. We do not even give all citizens the basic political rights of the vote and equality before the law. But we have been steadily growing *toward* democracy.

The war has set people thinking. Imminence of peril and humanitarian sentiment have co-operated to lift thinking from its preoccupation with race, caste or creed and have led men to realise that if this is a war to save democracy and freedom it must be democracy and freedom for *all*. Mr. Embree demands pertinently in the April number of *Asia* "For Whose Freedom?" and expresses his conviction that

> the greatest weakness of our democracy is our treatment of Negroes. Our attitude toward this race is a threat to the whole theory and practice of democracy. So long as we degrade one segment of the people we set a pattern that may easily be moved to other groups. Consideration for the Negro rests not merely on humanity and charity; it rests on the solid base of enlightened selfishness. It is a question not only of the rights of the Negroes themselves: it is a question of the total health and strength of the nation.

It is a question of the total health and strength of the world. Surely, it is not a question only of the rights of Negroes. It is a question of the rights of all the coloured races which are contributing to the saving of democracy.

The possibility of the break-down of England's party system, against which Mr. Harold J. Laski warns in *The New Statesman and Nation* for 21st March, is not a chimera. Only a month before, Cmdr. Stephen King-Hall, M. P., called in the same journal for " a political party which stands for the elimination of party politics," and Mr. Laski mentions Mrs. Sidney Webb's view that "a true democracy does not need more than a single political party."

Political parties are a concession to human fallibility. If all men were all-wise there would be general agreement on both ends and means. As long as that condition precedent does not obtain, complete uniformity can only mean either blind following or forcible suppression of views that differ from those of the man or the group in power. The right to opposition is a cardinal right, " of the essence of democracy," but its exercise does not demand formal political parties.

The case for the party system was well put by Thomas Paine, that doughty champion of human rights, whose views his attorney quoted in his trial for libel against the English Government on the 18th of December 1792 :—

> So long as the majority do not impose conditions on the minority different to what they impose on themselves, though there may be much error, there is no injustice ; neither will the error continue long. Reason and discussion will soon bring things right, however wrong they may begin.

It is of the first importance to any country to acquire if it does not have it, or, having it, not to lose " the habit which makes men prefer the debating chamber to the concentration camp." Mr. Laski considers the possible realignment of parties on new and more vital issues, but he brings out the point that to prefer an electoral verdict to fighting issues out, " the nation must be agreed about its fundamental way of life." What he finds disturbing is that,

> though the nation is, in the presence of great danger, agreed upon what it is against, it is very far from agreement upon what it is for ; and the things about which it is now driven to seek agreement are the things about which, in the past, men have been most willing to turn to the sword.

He is right in viewing such agreement as a fundamental part of the war effort. Agreement on negative propositions alone may be well enough for a defensive policy, but only a virile positive stand can furnish the motor power for attack on the strongholds of evil, without or within. As Mr. Laski puts it, " A nation cannot go on living on negations. " He urges all possible speed in formulating the objectives of the planned society to come, while "men are ready for great experiments." It should not be too difficult to agree in general terms on such objectives if justice to all is the real as well as the professed end sought.

And yet,—Mrs. Webb is right. In a true democracy the self-seeking which is at the root of divisiveness will find no place. Where all are willing servants of the State there is no need for parties ; there is need only for the spirit of tolerance and fair-play that will give a hearing to all shades of opinion. Where the commonweal is the common aim, the only possible disagreement can be on methods, and decisions as to ways and means surely do not require the cumbersome set-up of opposing parties, with a network of organisation and with huge party funds.

The solution for intercommunal tension which Prof. P. S. Naidu puts forward in *Prabuddha Bharata* for July under the title "A Psychological Approach to Communal Unity" is to bring about a similarity of "sentiment-patterns,"

> a common culture through the synthesis of the Muslim and Hindu art, music, literature, philosophy, traditions, and customs down to food and dress if necessary. In fact a unified Hindu-Muslim *Weltanschauung*, and a harmonized Hindu-Muslim way of living should be brought about.

This prescription has something in its favour as far as it goes, but it falls far short of being the panacea for disharmony of which humanity as a whole stands so sorely in need. The difficulty is indeed psychological but, while the accentuating of points of variance is obviously harmful, the ironing out of superficial differences alone is like cutting weeds off at the surface of the ground while leaving their prolific roots untouched. A drab uniformity, even if possible of achievement, would not be desirable. To insist on similarity of cultural expression is to pander to egotism. What is needed is not outer conformity to a rigid norm but a mental breadth that can appreciate differing expressions, in art, in literature, in customs. The average individual mind, conditioned by early as well as present surroundings, is like an engine with wheels flanged to run only on a track of a certain width. What is needed is to take off the flange so that the mind can range the roads of thought in all directions.

Mutual suspicions of various kinds, as Professor Naidu brings out, are at the root of much of the present friction—"fear of aggression, of loss of privileges or prestige, of deprivation of vested interests, of forcible cultural subjugation." What can allay these fears but mutual good-will and, almost equally important, mutual trust? Can it be doubted that with a confident conviction that our neighbours will no more work to hurt us than we would think of harming them, two-thirds of the world's evil would vanish into thin air?

But we do not agree with Professor Naidu's implication that man is at the mercy of instinctual propensities organised into sentiment-patterns. He can and should rise above them. The solution lies in the right understanding by both groups of the precepts of their own religions. If for the Muslim, as Professor Naidu alleges, "brotherhood is very intense and effective in the practical sense only within the Islamic fold," he needs to study the *Qur'ān*. He will not find the Prophet supporting any narrow sectarianism. And when the Hindu, taught by his religion to see the One Self in all creatures, sins against brotherhood by making a distinction in his heart between Hindu and Muslim, Brahman and non-Brahman, he denies the fundamental postulate of his religion. There are no Kaffirs, as there are no Mlechchhas; there are only human souls. In each heart the divine spark dwells; whether men call it Krishna or Allah matters not. If it be recognised as there in all, unbrotherly attitude and act will be admitted by Hindu and Muslim alike for the impiety they are.

Divorce between life and philosophy is the malady of our modern civilisation. The impact of Western culture and modes of thought upon the educated Indian mind has been responsible in no

small measure for the blind acceptance by many, though under the cover of a rationalistic approach, of a materialistic philosophy of action, involving an enslavement to the pleasures of the senses and the comforts of physical existence. In India, moreover, formal adherence to a particular religion and its practices has often been confused with spirituality and thus a kind of religious conservatism has been allowed to develop. An educator, therefore, who has India's good at heart, has to attend to the double task of clearing men's minds of this religious conservatism and of evolving a philosophy of life which assigns to thought and action, body and soul, spirit and matter, their proper places.

That such a philosophy, rationalist in essence and effecting the necessary combination of those factors for the spiritual realisation that our highest Ego is one with the Supreme, is to be found in the teaching of the *Gita* was rightly stressed by Sir S. Radhakrishnan, inaugurating the *Gita* lectures in the Benares Hindu University on 12th July. Professor Radhakrishnan said :—

> The whole tradition of Hindu thought has been one of rationality. The *Bhagawadgita* set forth a religion which is most reasonable and which is not founded on arbitrary fancies, ill-established facts or unscientific dogmas.

The importance of the *Gita* as a philosophical guide to conduct can hardly be over-stressed. Its supreme value lies in the fact that it preaches a mode of life which makes spiritual development possible without retiring from the arena of human affairs and obligations. An attitude of detachment, of dispassion in the performance of action, is what the Buddhi-Yoga of the *Gita* enjoins. Man as a rational being is given the choice of living either on an exalted plane of spiritual self-realisation or on the unthinking level of the unintelligent brute. Professor Radhakrishnan observed :—

> Man alone has a choice of ends, and is able to shape his future according to his ideals. This factor of choice is pregnant with great possibilities. The question whether one should fight or not fight, love or hate is an open question to man. The consciousness of division or imperfection or insufficiency is the proof that we have in us operating a principle of perfection.

But mere knowledge is hardly of any use unless it moulds one's conduct, influences action and embodies the truth in life so that "the selfish ignorant ego can rise to the largeness and freedom of the impersonal spirit." What one needs to be reminded of repeatedly is that the teaching of the *Gita* makes emancipation possible in life itself, that its supreme message does not make man turn his back upon life but helps him to live it well and to a fruitful purpose. And—it is a book for all men and women, whatever their race or religion.